

Enthusiastick Impostors

N O

Divinely Inspir'd Prophets.

B E I N G

An *Historical* Relation of the *Rise, Progress, and present Practices* of the *French and English* Pretended Prophets.

Wherein all their *Agitations, Extasies, Inspirations, Prophetical Warnings, and Pretences to working Miracles,* are proved False, Counterfeit and Ridiculous Impostures; by Observations and Testimonies, under the Hand-Writing of several Persons of known and undoubted Reputation, that were *Eye and Ear-Witnesses* of their Transactions.

Humbly Dedicated to the Lord Bishop of
L O N D O N.

Then the Lord said unto me, the Prophets prophesie Lies in my Name, I sent them not, neither have I commanded them neither spake I unto them: They prophesie unto you a false Vision and Divination, and a thing of nought and the Deceit of their Heart. Jer. 14. 14.

L O N D O N:

Sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers-Hall, 1707.

English - 100

Divinely Inspired Prophecy

Richardson, R. J. 1963. The

Q. Now, I believe that you have a copy of the letter that was written to the FBI on 11/11/77?

NOV 3 1960

1911-1912

To the Right Honourable

A N D

Right Rev^d Father in God,

H E N R Y,

Lord Bp of L O N D O N,

Dean of the *Chapel-Royal*, one of Her
Majesty's Most Honourable Privy
Council, &c.

My LORD,

THAT any Bold Enthusiastick Im-
postors, should have the Confidence
to vend such Doctrines, and pra-
ctise such lewd and abominable Absurdities,
under Pretence of the Worship of God; as

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are manifestly condemned by the Holy Scriptures, by the Publick Reason of the Church in all Ages, and by the Private Reason of all the World, but themselves; and in the famous City of London too, where the Inhabitants, in Matters of Religion, live under the Care and Instruction of the most Pious and Learned Clergy in the World, and they under the Wise and Prudent Conduct of your Lordship; would be Matter of Admiration and Astonishment, if it did not at the same time confirm us in a stedfast Belief of the Truth of the Sacred Oracles, which tell us

*there is no new thing under the Sun **, and that to fulfil Prophecies, the Delusions of Former Ages were acting in the Present Times:

*That Lucifer is again become a Lying † Spirit in the Mouths of false Prophets, and some un-
 wary People, neglecting the Precepts of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and his Apostles, are so far immers'd under the Power of a voluntary Deceit, as to believe them; tho' they know not what they say, or whereof they affirm.*

*This is apparent, my Lord, in the two English Gentlemen of Quality and Estates, who being wearied and out of Humour with
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the Burden of their Prosperities, lusted after new Improvements of their Liberties; from being at first only Auditors of the Illiterate Camizars and pretended Prophets, have learnt by a fond Imitation, to out-do them in their own Arts; and which aggravates the Guilt, though they are Professors of Christianity, yet blasphemously ascribe their blackest and most frightful Caprichio's, to the positive Commands of God Almighty, and the Dictates of his Holy and Blessed Spirit; and not only so, but have printed and left them a Lesson to Posterity; though they cannot be ignorant, but that their whole Pretensions are reproachful to all the Three Persons of the Sacred Trinity, and big with a Design, to undermine all Revealed Religion.

Now, looking upon it as the Duty of every Christian, to be zealously concern'd for the Glory of God, and tenderly affected to the Interest of Souls, I hope none but those I write against, will condemn me, for shewing the Effects of my Natural Resentments of these Antichristian Practices; but on the contrary, will allow me to exert all the little Reason I am Master of, to vindicate the Glory of God, and the Truth of Christian Religion, against the Sect of Mortals, who
carry

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carry their Lives in their Nostrils, and whose Foundation is in the Dust.

In this View, my ever Honoured Lord, I have presumed to publish the following Discourse under your Lordship's Name and Protection, and that for three particular Reasons; First, Because what is here wrote against, was transacted in your Lordship's Episcopal Jurisdiction, and so properly fall under your Cognizance. Secondly, Because your Lordship's Authority will be more convincing, than the Arguments of a Private Person. And lastly, Because every Paragraph in the whole Treatise, in Relation to Matters of Fact, can be prov'd certain and indubitable Truths, by Men of known Sincerity and Honesty, who were Eye and Ear Witnesses of them.

One of the chief Arguments, my Lord, that's constantly staged in favour of these Notorious Impostors, is, that the two English Gentlemen afore-mention'd, who have some time had the Reputation of Men of Learning and Integrity, and consequently could not be easily impos'd on, are fallen in with the Camizars, and seem to exceed them also in their pretended Extasies and Inspirations, which was no small Inducement to employ

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employ my Pen against them; that their Characters might not influence unsteady Readers of their Prophetical Warnings; for the Ignorant and Unthinking, ought not to be trusted with these two Gentlemens Failings; lest what they dictate, their Followers might swallow down whole without examining the Ingredients whereof their Legends are compounded, or what kind of Humours they are apt to produce.

Well meaning Men, may have very ill Opinions; and when they put no Restraint upon their Errors in Judgment, but suffer them to run into Errors of Practice; and from straining at Gnats, have learn'd to swallow Camels; they are to be avoided with all imaginable Care and Caution.

They also make a Noise about their working Miracles; though all they have hitherto pretended to, have been proved Cheats and Counterfeits; and yet if they should work Miracles, it would weigh nothing with Wise Men, because False Prophets under the Old Testament have done so; and by the immediate Command of God, were to be cut off from among the People as Deceivers. The Holy Word of God (and not Miracles)
must

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must be the Guide of every true Christian.

I have nothing further, my Good Lord, but to beg your Lordship's favourable Acceptance of this well-design'd, though weak Performance, and your Blessing upon the Author, as a Dutiful Son of our Pious Mother the Church of England, and

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Devoted

Humble Servant.

Enthu-

Enthusiastick Impostors

N O

Inspired Prophets.



ALL Ages of the World having produc'd a Set of Men, that pretended to the Gift of *Prophecy* and working *Miracles*: We ought to be the less surpris'd at the late Appearance of certain *Camisars* among us, who arming themselves with the Style of *Prophets*, pretending to Divine *Inspirations*, and being acted by the Holy Spirit of God, have drawn many after them; for as *there is nothing new under the Sun*, so these Men do but re-act in *London*, what has been practised by themselves and others, for several Years last past, in the *Cevennes*, and other Places in the *French King's Dominions*.

Now in giving you the *History* of the Rise, Progress, and Continuance of these pretended Prophets; I shall wave all that is related of them by *Papish* Writers, who having been their avowed Enemies, little *Truth* or *Justice* was to be expected from them; and confine myself to the Relation they have given of themselves, in a late Book, entituled, *A Cry from the Desert*; which even Mr. *Lacy* thought so *Authentick*, that for its better Reception, he has sent it into the World by a Re-

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commendatory *Advertisement to the Reader*, of his own composing.

They first began in the Month of *June* 1688. and the first that laid claim to these extraordinary *Gifts*, was one *William du Serre*, who dwelt in a Village called *Dieu-le-fit*, in *Dauphine*; where he preach'd his *Extasies*, pronounc'd his *Inspirations*, and instructed others in the Attainment of the same Faculty. His Example, Instruction, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Approbation it found among the Multitude, so increas'd the Number of these *Prophets*, that before the End of *February* following, there arose in *Dauphine*, and then in the *Vivarez*, five or six Hundred Protestants of both Sexes, that gave out themselves to be *Prophets*, and inspir'd of the Holy Ghost. The favourable Reception they met with in prophesying the Downfal of *Pharaoh*, the Ruin of *Antichrist* and *Babylon*, and the *Deliverance* of the Church; which were taking Themes and obliging Discoveries, to a harass'd and oppress'd People, that had long smarted under the Rods and Scorpions of a merciless Monarch, so far prevail'd, that in three or four Months after, the Sect of the *Inspired* became so numerous, that the *Valleys* swarm'd with them, the *Mountains* were cover'd with them, and the Dioceses of *Uzès*, *Viviers*, *Alais*, *Nismes*, *Montpelier*, and *Mende*, were over-spread with such a Number of *Prophets*, that in the *Cevennes*, and the lower *Languedoc* only, they were computed at Eight Thousand Souls.

And, which increases the Wonder of their multiplying, these *Prophets*, especially at their first Appearance, were commonly young *Boys* and *Girls*, descended from the meanest of the People, and knew not so much as to read: Nay, so diffusive was the Gift of *Prophecy*, that it was exercised by a Child in the Cradle of about fourteen or fifteen Months old, and by several about two or three Years old, to the Admiration of numerous Spectators.

Their *Extasies* preceeding the Delivery of their *Inspirations* were various, but generally managed after
this

this manner : They turn'd round with great Violence, till being quite giddy they fell upon the Floor. When so fallen, they roll'd their Eyes frightfully, look'd wild and ghastly, work'd their Lips in divers Figures; driv'd and foam'd at the Mouth, held their Breaths, heav'd their Breasts, puff'd and swell'd their Throats, and sometimes lay as if they were in a Trance. Then on a sudden they would start up, shake their Heads, Gulp and Hiccup strangely, clap their Hands, move their Feet oddly, shake their whole Bodies into Contortions, in the nature of Convulsions. Then they would quake, groan, laugh, belch, sigh, sing, shriek hideously ; and at last, stretching their Mouths open, in a yawning, distorted, dreadful manner, in a doleful Tone, and as loud as they were able, would utter their Prophecies : And the Prophets now in *England* continue the same Methods.

These unusual and uncouth Proceedings, were variously censur'd, according to the Interests or Understandings of those, that dived into these mysterious Undertakings, and exercised their Minds about them. Those that thought a *War* necessary, and at that Juncture *seasonable*, for the Restoration of their *Religion* and *Liberties*, and were not over curious in the Election of the Methods for procuring them, thought *Prophecy* one of the most politick Stratagems that could be invented for that purpose, and applauded the Project accordingly ; because that sort of Men would most greedily imbibe those Notions, that were fit to be form'd into an Army : And Mr. *Marion* tells us, that the War begun only by *Inspirations* * ; for who would refuse engaging, when the Spirit of God promis'd Success. And truly they know little of Foreign Affairs, that can be ignorant of their unexpected Successes, and the Trouble those *Zealots* gave the Crown of *France* four Years together, before they could be subdued. And here I must not omit, that the Or-

* *Cry*, p. 96.

rhodox Protestant Clergy of those Parts, were always Enemies to these Proceedings, and some of them wrote Books against it; particularly Mr. *Mellat*, who fled to *Lausanne*, and ever since the *Inspired* have accounted them their Enemies, and pronounc'd Judgments against them.

Others treated this Event as an *Intrigue* and *Cheat*; others as a *Delusion*, that weak Minds are subject to in Matters of Religion; some have ascrib'd it to a being possess'd by the *Devil*, others again to some bodily *Distempers*, which, though natural, might have Symptoms alike surprizing. In all which, I shall suspend my own Judgment, till a farther Information and Conviction shall arise, from a due Examination of their Words and Actions, since they came into *Great Britain*; for Trees are known by their Fruit. And in the mean time, shall give you a brief Account of those pretended *French* Prophets that are now among us; what their Business was in coming hither, how they have demean'd themselves since they came; and then proceed to their *Profelytes*, the pretend *Englisk* Prophets and their Adherents.

There are only three of them, viz. *Elias Marion*, *John Cavalier*, and *Durand Fage*, who all arrived at *London*, in *September*, 1706.

Elias Marion, was born at *Barre* in the *Upper Cevennes*, in *May* 1678. of Protestant Parents, and when of competent Years, was put to an Attorney, in order to a future Livelyhood; but returning to his Father at three Years end, and finding two of his Brethren were inspired, he also commenc'd a Graduate in the same Faculty, *Jan.* 1, 1703†; and in an *Inspiration* was commanded to go and join his Brethren, who were fighting for the Gospel, which he obeyed, and soon after had the Command of a Company, jointly with *Abraham Mazel*; but their Enemies having quite ruined the Country, their Commander *Roland* being dead, and

† *Cry in the Desert*, p. 81. to p. 97.

the other Commanders, after the Example of *Cavalier*, having made their Treaty ; he also capitulated, and obtained Leave with some others at the King's Ex-
pence, to retire to *Geneva*, but after three Months re-
turn'd again into the *Cevennes*, *An. Dom. 1705*. But
being unsafe there, he went into *Lausanne* in *Switzer-*
land ; where he continued, till by an exprefs *Inspira-*
tion he was commanded to go to *London*, where he ar-
riv'd, *Sept. 26. A. D. 1706*. by a Call from God,
without knowing for what Design he was called hi-
ther.

The same Reason I presume he will give for his e-
gregious Dissimulation ; being a Papist at *Toulouse*, and
a Protestant at *Barre* * ; for his Insolence, in presuming
to administer the Holy Sacrament, having no lawful
Call to the Ministerial Office † ; and for saying, *there*
was Joy among the Angels in Heaven for that Days work
of his ; though he cannot be insensible, that that Action
was a Breach of God's own Institution, Legal and E-
vangelical. And for a Proof of his Veracity, he says,
∴ that his Brother *Anthony*, having an *Inspiration* at
Barre, was commanded by the *Spirit*, for the Convi-
ction of some present, *to strike his Breast with the point*
of a Knife, with Assurance it should not hurt him, where-
upon a large and pointed Knife was given him, and
he struck the point of it several times, with great Force
upon his Breast and Stomach, so that we heard the noise
of the Knife, as if it had struck upon a Board or Iron,
but his Clothes were not pierced. I shall make no
Reflections upon these Stories ; only take leave to tell
him, that unless his Brother was invested with a *Coat*
of Mail, nothing can solve the occurring Doubt, but
their general Answer to all Scruples, *Inspiration*. I
could give other Instances of his Over-reaching, but
that I blush to think, that any thing call'd a Christian,
should make the holy and blessed Spirit of God, the
Author of such desperate and butcherly Convictions.

* P. 82. † p. 88. ∴ p. 93.

John Cavalier, was born at *Sauve* in the *Cevennes*, of Protestant Parents, but according to his own Account of himself*, I cannot find he was bred to any Employment, but led a very loose Life, till his Curiosity led him to a numerous Meeting in *Barre*, where a little Boy lying on his Back, with surprizing Agitations that frighted him, mark'd him out for a Scoffer; and another Boy falling into an Extasie, commanded the Door to be watch'd, lest he should go away, and discover the Assembly; which Story I shall make use of by and by, not much to his Reputation. A third Boy fell into violent Agitations, and discovering to him the very Thoughts of his Heart, and pressing him to amend his Life, it had, as he says, such Effect upon him, that as soon as the Sermon was ended, there seem'd a beating like a Hammer in his Breast, which kindled a Fire in his Veins, and was followed by violent Agitations of his Head and Body, which continue upon him to this very Day. At length, after three Quarters of a Years *Hiccup* and Agitations, without Speech*, he fell into an extraordinary Extasy; God open'd his Mouth, and he became a *Prophet* also.

After this he tells wonderful, I had almost said incredible Stories; how one *Clariss*, in an Inspiration, accusing one of the Brethren, for designing to betray his Coasin (Colonel) *Cavalier*, which not finding Credit among the rest of his Brethren, the Spirit said by the Mouth of *Clariss* ∴; *O People of little Faith, do you still doubt of my Power among you, when I have made you see so many Wonders of it. I command a Fire immediately to be made, and I say unto thee, my Child, I will that thou put thy self into the midst of the Flames, and they shall have no Power to hurt thee.* A Fire was made accordingly, of Brush Wood and dry combustible Stuff*, mix'd with large Sticks, and heap'd up in the midst of the Congregation, on a sinking Ground, and the People

* Cry in the Desert, p. 37, to p. 57. † p. 43. ∴ p. 50.

* p. 51.

stood round about it. *Clariss*, who had upon him a white strait Frock, being a *Bricklayer* by Trade, put himself upon the top of the Pile of Wood, streight upright, with his Hands join'd and lifted over his Head; *he was still in his Extasie*, and continued to speak in the Flames, though I could not understand what he said. The Flame mounted in an instant, so that he was surrounded with the Flames that rose much above his Head. He stood in the Flames near a quarter of an Hour, till the Wood was quite spent, and there was no more Flames; the *Spirit was still upon him*, and he came out unhurt, but with *Hiccups* and heavings of the Breast upon him. He was the first that embraced *Clariss* after he came out of the Fire, and took notice of his Clothes and Hair which the Flames so much respected also, (*they are his own Words*) that no mark of Fire could be discerned upon them: All this he says he saw and heard, but gives no other Testimony to confirm it but his own, and of what Credit that is, you will hear anon.

Further he says*, that Brother *Compan*, a young Man, modest, good, and of an ardent Zeal, fell into an Extasie, and, under his Agitations, said by the Spirit, to this Effect; *My Child, I command thee, to demonstrate to my People, how terrible the Flames of my Wrath are upon those that provoke me, and to shew them outward Tokens of that Mercy and Love I have towards such who shall fear me and repent.* After this, he made those about him give way, and having form'd a Ring about him, it was commanded him *by the Spirit*, to draw near the Mouth of the *Bottomless Pit*, and put his Hands into the Flames which burst out thence. He accordingly stept a little to the left of him, and stretch'd out his Hand, but snatch'd it back again with most terrible Shrieks. He advanc'd two or three times in like manner, by Order, and every time started back again with Fright and Hurry, always shrieking out horribly. At

* P. 52.

length it was commanded him, to approach *Heaven Gate*, that was upon his Right; he went accordingly and knock'd, and a dreadful Voice demanded from his Mouth? *What would you have?* to which he answer'd, *the Favour to come in.* In that Moment, a Voice threatening him, his Body roll'd up in a Round, after some strange Agitations, and then was rais'd from the Earth, and flung 15 or 20 Paces backward; he rising soon after, went again to the Gate, craving Mercy and Forgiveness; but he was again struck back, with sharp Reprimands and new Menaces, which was several times reiterated, however, he desisted not; and at last, with great Joy, the *Gate of Heaven* was opened; then did he signifie†, that he saw Armies of Angels attending the Throne of God, singing Anthems of Praise and Adoration, he himself in Symphony singing sweetly with them; whereof we all stood admiring and delighted Witnesses, as may well be conceived, on so marvellous an Occurrence.

Certainly Mr. *Cavalier*, and the rest of the Publishers of these pretended *Delusions*, think they are able to impose any thing upon this credulous Nation, which all sober Men think at the best, are needless Triflings, ridiculous Impositions, and false and fictitious Absurdities. I call them *needless* Triflings, because the Holy Scriptures give us a more veritable and solid Description of Heaven and Hell, than all this, or whatever else they can invent, will amount to; and where the holy and infallible Oracles speak so plainly, we have no reason to regard what is said by Mortals, that are either under strong *Delusions*, or in a Confederacy to deceive. 2. They are *ridiculous* Impositions, that can never pass upon sober thinking Men, for want of Weight and Solidity, being almost wholly composed or varnish'd, with *Antick Tricks*, and *Chimerical Ravings*. 3. They are *false* and fictitious, and so far from a convictive *Demonstration*, and being dictated by the Holy Spirit, that they smell

† P. 53.

too rankly of *Man* and Artifice ; and 'twould tempt one to think, that Mr. *Facio*, their Scribe and speaking Trumpet, has but slender *Gifts* in Mathematicks, that would impose such a Fiction upon the World for a *Demonstration*, which might be perform'd by any Person, without the help of *Prophecy*, or the Art of juggling *Amuzements*, to produce such a wonderful Occurrence, as he is pleased to stile it.

Mr. *Cavalier* having obliged us with these *Curiosities*, and how he became a *Prophet*, he further tells us, that a Report being spread, of his being discover'd in the Affair fallen out at *Nismes*, the dismal Story of which is well known ; his Father to take him out of the Danger attending that Report *, bought him a Sub-Lieutenant's Place in the Marquis de Broglio's Regiment, then in *Italy*, where he served a while, but by the Advertisements of the Holy Spirit to leave that Army, he procur'd a Passport from the Duke of Vendosme, and went directly to *Geneva*, and there learning that his Cousin *Cavalier* was gone to raise a Regiment in *Holland*, he follow'd him thither, in hopes of a Commission from him, but falling sick, was disappointed ; and was advis'd, as the Case stood with him, to go immediately for *England*, and there † to try to join Mr. *Cavalier* in his Expedition ; but when he came to *London*, the Fleet was at *Torbay*, and waited only for a Wind to sail, so he resolv'd to continue in *London*, where liking his Quarters he still remains.

But I must not leave Mr. *Cavalier*, without remarking, that if his *Prophecies*, *Predictions*, *Inspirations*, and *Warnings*, be all of a piece with this History of himself, there is no Truth at all in them. For while he liyed in the *Cevennes*, he was an egregious Dissembler, an infamous *Traytor* to the Protestants of that Country, and frequented their Meetings for no other end, but to discover them to the *Intendant*, in order to have the Persons assembled, seized, sent to the Gallies, Hang'd or Butcher'd, as in the dismal Tragedy at *Nismes* and

other Places, all which I will prove by many undeniable Testimonies that are not here inserted, because I am of Opinion that he confess'd enough already in the foregoing Narrative, that he is guilty of what he is charged withal above, and what will follow; besides sinking under this *Dilemma*, that either he in denying the Fact, or the little Boy the Prophet, that in an Inspiration caus'd the Door to be shut, to prevent his going to discover the Meeting, are notorious Prevaricators; and it cannot be the *little Conjuror*, as he calls this diminutive Prophet*; for Mr. Cavalier says, that he could not have more plainly detected him as a disaffected Person, without naming his Name and Sirname,

But to what purpose do I waste Time, in insisting upon the Evidence of three Boys, that I have as little Veneration for under the Name of *Prophets*, as for himself, since I have a Cloud of Witnesses: The whole Body of Protestants look'd upon him as a Pensioner to the *Intendant* of *Montpelier*, and for that Reason, when the *Protestants* watch'd, to give him a Reward suitable to his Deserts, he was forc'd to shelter himself from the Effects of their furious Zeal, by entring himself a Soldier in the Citadel; from whence he was sent by the *Intendant*, to serve under the Duke of *Vendosme* in *Italy*, as not being safe in those Parts of *France*; nor is there any Credibility in that Clause of his History, where he says, that *his Father bought him a Commission*, to secure him from the Danger of the Report of his being a Pensioner; for first, his Father was not able to buy him a Commission. 2. He was a zealous Protestant, and would not; nor would he have been entertained in the Marquis de *Broglio's* Regiment, if he had not been a known and profess'd Enemy to the Reformed Religion; but at length seeing himself hated by both Parties, he turn'd Protestant at *Geneva*, Prophet in *Switzerland* and *Holland*, and under that Character came to *London*.

* *Cry in the Desert*, p. 38.

Now for Confirmation of the Truth of what he stands charg'd with above, see what follows.

An Affidavit concerning Cavalier, one of the pretended French Prophets, translated out of the French Original.

“ **A** Nthony Mourel, Native of Montpelier in Languedoc, swears and affirms upon his Oath, that he hath
 “ seen, and knows one named Cavalier, who about
 “ 2 Years and a half since, dwelt at a Merchants House
 “ in Montpelier aforesaid, and was then about 20 years
 “ of Age, and wore his own Hair: And the said De-
 “ ponent was told, that the said Cavalier advis'd those
 “ of the Protestant Religion in the said City of Mont-
 “ pelier, to go to certain Places in the said City, and
 “ in the Neighbourhood thereof, where they might as-
 “ semble to pray to God; but when these poor People
 “ were met together, as Cavalier had advis'd them, he
 “ betray'd them and caus'd them to be apprehended by
 “ the Officers and Guards of the City. After this, the
 “ aforesaid Cavalier enter'd himself a Soldier in the Ci-
 “ tadel of Montpelier, because a great number of People
 “ had complained of him; and there run a Report a-
 “ mong the People that sometime confided in him, that
 “ he had caus'd many of them to be seized, and was the
 “ Cause of all the Troubles that beset the poor Prote-
 “ stants in Montpelier; after which time the said Cavalier
 “ appear'd no more in Montpelier; because the Report
 “ was Current, that he was the Person that discovered
 “ all the Meeting-places of the said Protestants to the In-
 “ tendant of Montpelier. This Deponent further adds,
 “ that his Sister having told some Persons of the Trea-
 “ chery of the said Cavalier, he the said Cavalier, gave her
 “ reproachful Language, saying, he was not the Person,
 “ and threatned her, that if she spoke any more of it, he
 “ would make her repent it, and put her in Prison. All
 “ this aforesaid, this Deponent truly affirms upon his
 “ Oath

“ Oath, who at this present lives in the Parish of St.
 “ Bennet-Fink, in the City of London.

Juravit 9^o. Die Julii, 1707.

Anthonie Mourel.

Coram me John Houblon.

Durand Fage, was born at *Aubais* in *Languedoc*, *, and before he left that Country in *A.D.* 1605, he saw many Infants under Agitations, and speaking by Inspiration of whom the youngest; as I remember, was a Girl of about 3 Years old, in the Village of *St Maurice*, near *Touffy*. *July A.D.* 1702. was the first religious Meeting he was at, where a Girl of 11 years old, who could not read, was seized with Inspiration, continued a long Prayer, and afterwards an Exhortation that lasted about three quarters of an Hour, speaking good *French*, which at another times she could not. After more religious Exercises, this Girl fell again into an Extacy, and describing *Monfieur Fage*, said, *that if he continued to come to the Assemblies, he should receive a Gift from God.* This had some Effect upon him, tho' at that time he had the Misfortune to bear Arms in the Militia against the *Camizars*; but after a while, a Cousin of his said in Extacy, *that the Sword by his side, would be drawn against the Enemies of the Gospel*, and thereupon he shifted Sides, and being taken with a Shivering, and some Agitation, continual Sighings, and a sort of Startings, at length *his Mouth was open'd*, and then he spake very surprizing things. Some of his Brethren were still in Arms in the *Upper Cevennes*, but the Kings Troops being plac'd in all the Avenues, he found it unpracticable to join them, and for that reason he accepted the *Amnesty*, and with the Leaders, *Marion*, *Abraham*, *la Valette*, and other *Camisars*, was conducted under a Guard to *Geneva*, where they arriv'd, *August 24. 1705.* When he had continu'd there, and at *Lausanne*, and *Bazil*, about 7 Months looking after an Employment, he travelled for *Holland*, in Expectation that Colonel *Cavalier*, under whom he had born Arms,

* *Cry from the Desert.* p. 58. to 73.

would have taken him into his Regiment, but it was full before he came thither.

At the time of this Disappointment, there being a Report, that five or six Regiments were raising in *England*, to be employed in an intended Descent upon *France*, he came to *London*, where he finds so good Entertainment, that I suppose he will not leave it in haste.

What these Gentlemens Business was in *England*, they have severally told you already, and amounts to no more or less in the whole, than that they came hither to procure from Colonel *Cavalier*, or other *French* Officers, some *Military* Employment, and being disappointed, fell to their old Trade of Propheying. But notwithstanding this Relation; the Affair is variously discours'd by others. Some are of Opinion they were invited hither, and are persuaded to this Belief, by the Pains that Mr. *Facio* takes to make *Marion*, *Cavalier*, and *Fage*, in the Account they give of themselves, to deny by solemn Oaths and Protestations, that neither directly nor indirectly, were they sent for hither by any Person living, but came of their own mere Motion. And for my part, tho' I have made the best Enquiries I could of others, and bestowed some Thoughts upon it my self, I cannot comprehend the Mystery of their being sent for, without thinking them and those that sent for 'em, in the Interest of the *French* King, and consequently the worst Men living.

Others say, they came to levy Forces to recruit their broken and scatter'd Army in the *Cevennes*; and indeed, there is some colour for that Supposition, in several of Mr. *Marion's* first *Prophetical Warnings*, where he talks much † of *Fighting* against their Enemies, and of the Spirit's telling him he must suddenly leave this Country; but this makes no Impression on my Thoughts, when I consider, that neither in their Persons, Capacities, or Circumstances, are they qualified for any other Employment *than what they follow*, in which they are perfect

Masters, and have a requisite Stock of *Assurance* to carry it on. For tho' Mr. *Facio* one of their Scribes, has taken a world of Pains with his Pen, to shew them Men of Parts, and of a generous Education; yet in truth, the two first are Men of very mean Parts, and shallow Capacities, and *Fage* has none in the World; and yet by Custom and Practice, have all learned the Knack of making a rude *Insolence* bear out their want of Knowledge.

But not to dwell on this Head, if I may be allow'd among others to guess at their Errand into this Country, I think 'twas because they could find Shelter no where else, or Relief of their urgent Necessities, but from so charitable a People as the *English* are, and who giving great Liberty in point of *Religion*, they were in hopes of imposing their *Enthusiastick* Extravagancies under the same Pretext, but how they'l succeed in their Enterprize, Time will manifest; for I look upon their present Glare of Fortune, but as a Snuff, that burns brightest when it's expiring in a Stink.

The Persons Names who write what is pronounc'd by by these pretended Prophets in their *Inspirations*, are, *John Daude*, *Nicholas Facio*, and *Charles Portales*.

The Custom of these Scribes, who think all *Divine* that the Prophets utter, is to copy their Prayers upon their Knees, and what Chasms happen by the *French* Prophets quick way of Delivery, they fill up from one anothers Notes, and when at any utter Loïs, they fall to Prayer, and then the Spirit supplies the very Words which fill up the *Hiatus valde deflendus*, as nicely as two indented Tallies fit each other. However, 'tis observable, that the *Scribes* take a great deal of Liberty in correcting and amending their Notes one from another, in order to make good *Sense* and good *French*, tho' perhaps the Prophets spoke neither; so that in their *Prophetical Warnings*, you have a *Melange* of the Spirit's Dictates and the Scribes interpository Emendations or Interpretations; for whatever they, being the only Men of Letters among 'em, commit to Writing, must pass,
the

the *Prophets* having neither Sense nor Courage enough to dispute or contradict them.

Next I proceed to examine Mr. *Marion's* Prophetical Warnings, but first by way of Prevention think my self oblig'd to premise, that tho' the Saying of one of the Grecian Sages *μὴ μνησθὲν ἀπιστεῖν*, have a care of being too *Credulous*, has always kept me upon my Guard, in relation to new Discoveries and greater Lights in Religion, in Opposition to what is revealed in Holy Scripture; yet I am not apt to accuse every strange and uncommon Occurrence of Falsity, or think that an Omnipotent Being, cannot inspire Men in these Days as well as in the former, or act Miraculously, when, where, and by what Instruments he pleases. But when I see more of the *Man* than the *Miracle*, more of the *Man* than of *God* or the *Prophet*; and that the pretended *Inspirations*, are in direct Opposition to the Word of God, *that more sure Word of Prophecy*; if an Angel from Heaven should avouch in their Favour, I would not believe him.

Weak, but well meaning Men, under a simple and undesigning Delusion, are Objects of our Pity and Prayers, in order to their being reclaim'd and establish'd in the sound Principles of the Christian Faith; but those that continue obstinate in their Errors, and can neither speak Reason nor submit to Truth when they hear it; ought to be reprimanded and detected, to prevent an Epidemical Infection.

Which being now fallen to my Lot, who have used all imaginable Diligence to satisfy my self in the Proceedings of these pretended Prophets, and in procuring the best Informations from several Gentlemen of known and undoubted Reputation, who were Eye and Ear Witnesses; whole Letters will be inserted in their proper Places; I embrace it chearfully, because the Men that *turn the World upside down* (in a literal Sense) *are come hither also*.

Now in discharging the Business of this Province, it cannot be expected that I should make Animadversions upon all their *Prophetical Warnings*, for if I should follow

Mr. Marion in all his *Rambles*, and remark every thing that is really exceptionable, it would swell into a large *Folio*, and be little advantage to the Reader, since the greatest part, if not all their *Inspirations*, are muffled up in dark Conclusions, and intricate Riddles, that are of no use but to rack the Brain, puzzle the Understanding, and pose and confound the Judgment; which is the peculiar Talent and subtle Contrivance of these Prophets, or rather their Scribes behind the Curtain, who being sensible, that neither their Matter nor Method of Delivery, have any warrant from Scripture, they wrap it up in Words, more ambiguous and doubtful than the *Ethnick* Oracles. However, I don't question but to humour all Parties, in culling out the most material Inspirations. The ingenuous and orthodox Reader, because I shall give him a *Specimen*, without nauseating him with the whole Volume: And the *Inspired* themselves, in picking out the most remarkable and surprizing Instances, in doing which, I shall please my self also; being of Opinion, that that which they peculiarly design and publish as a Project of their Wisdom, is a Demonstration of their Folly and Wickedness. But I shall no longer detain you in the Perch, but admit as many as are furnish'd with a sufficient *Patience* and *Curiosity*, to the immediate perusal of that which follows.

Warnings pronounc'd by Elias Marion.

∴ **T**HE Devil's Destruction is near. Oh the gracious Promises which I have for you! The Trumpet is ready to sound. Fire, Lightnings, and Thunderbolts are prepared for thine Enemies. Since there are many Persons who come only out of a Spirit of Curiosity, I will not have my Word manifested to such People. Prepare thy self to depart within a short time out of this Country, and go to thy Brethren, to fight there more than ever.

There were other Inspirations that preceeded this, and

∴ *Warnings*, Sept. 18. 1706. p. 1.

were

were delivered in a very unpolish'd Stile, as indee all the rest were till they came acquainted with Mr. *Facio*, who lick'd the Cubs out of their Native Deformity into a more tolerable Shape; which taking up some time, was the Reason, that what they delivered in September 1706. was not publish'd either in *French* or *English* before April 1707. and yet Mr. *Daude*, Mr. *Facio*, and Mr. *Portales*, the Scribes to the *French* Pharisees, affirm upon their Oaths, *that they never inserted any thing of their own, or suffered others to foist in any thing not belonging to them, with a design of altering the Sense*; which is an Equivocation; for how much soever they are altered, they are scarce intelligible Sense as now Printed; for their meaning is still very remote from the reach of a rational Conjecture,

Now if every Meeting for religious Worship, according to the Evangelical Precept, should be for the *Edification* of the Assembled; they almost wholly deviate from that Rule; for instead of the Principles of Christianity they only stuff their Auditors Ears with insignificant *Jargon* and manifest *Contradictions*. In this Inspiration Mr. *Marion* says, that the Devil's Destruction is near, In one of November the 2d, the Devil is destroyed, *, and in another, the Devil is alive again, and going to lay hold of his Portion †. What unpardonable Absurdities and Contradictions are these? and yet all attributed to the Holy and Blessed Spirit of God! Tell it not in *Gath*, publish it not in *Askelon*, &c. that any Men called *Christians* dare be so Impious. The Trumpet, he says, is ready to sound. If by it he understands, that the Day of Judgment is approaching, he is very much concern'd in the Prediction; for it would be dreadful for him to be found doing what he does; he is very fond of talking of *Thunderbolts*, tho' most learned Men are of Opinion, that there is no such thing in the World, according to the common Acceptation: And to shew that he is no better skill'd in *Divinity* than Natural Philoso-

† p. 8.

phy; the Spirit says by his Mouth, *that he will not have his Word manifested to such People as come to hear him out of Curiosity.* So that either the Spirit that dictates to Mr. Marion, is not the Spirit of God; or else God the Father contradicts the Command of God the Son, Jesus Christ, God blessed for ever, who commands his *Word* to be preached to all and every Man, and all Mankind without Exception. Goe, says he to his Disciples, *preach the Gospel to every Creature, and to all Nations.*

I will not say this is Blasphemy in Mr. Marion, in making two of the Sacred Persons in the Blessed Trinity contradict one another; but this I dare affirm, that he can never extricate himself from the Consequence of it; but by confessing, that the Spirit that speaks in him, is a *lying Spirit*, and not the Spirit of God. Besides, Mr. Marion's Doctrine, under this Restriction, is very Uncharitable, not to say Unchristian; for if the prophets, Evangelists, Apostles, and Primitive Preachers, had been as nice as he is, 'twould have been very unhappy for those good Men, who owe their *Conversion* to their coming to hear the Word preached, *merely out of Curiosity*, as might be instanc'd in St. Austin and many others. But this is sufficient to shew, what mad Work *Enthusiastick* Bunglers make, when they aspire above their Reach.

The next thing observable in this Inspiration, is, that the Spirit tells Mr. Marion, *he must prepare himself to depart within a short time out of this Country*; the same thing he has told him in almost twenty more Inspirations, and that also, *within a short time, in a few days, very suddenly* and yet at last tells him *he must not go*, then tells him; *he must go, but not till further Notice.* How strangely does the Spirit dodge with his dear Child; he must, and he must not! Does not the Spirit know his own Mind? Is he unconstant and wavering in his Resolutions? certainly no Christian dares aver it, that thinks it to be the Holy Spirit of God. And in truth, all his impertinent Repetitions of the same things over and over, are nothing but Blinds to hide the incurable Defect in his Intellects, the Dulness of his Invention, and his extream Barrenness of

of Matter and Words, which forces him upon his repeated Common Place Tautologies; such as *my Child, my Child, I tell thee, I tell thee, I tell thee, yes, yes, yes, no, no, no, no my Child, I tell thee*; sometimes five or six times together, only to give him time to think of something else; and when utterly at a Loss, he serves himself with affected Pauses, Grimace, Hiccupping, or falling into an Extasie, which is a perfect Cover to all the palpable Signs of Ignorance, that otherwise would cause him to be despis'd for his want of Knowledge as well as Virtue.

November 4. he had an Inspiration, * and began it by singing a few Notes, and then proceeded; *My Child, within a few Days, I tell thee, you shall sing the Triumph of my Glory*; then he sung again three several Tunes as before, and after said, *My Child, I have told thee often, that thou shalt see extraordinary things. My Spirit shall discover Treasures to thee, thou art at the Eve of it. My Child, thou shalt instruct my People. Thou shalt carry my Word far from this Country. Sings again four times as before. I assure thee my Child, within a few Days, you shall sing this Song of Triumph. Come, come, come my Faithful Ones, and rejoice. I call you, my Children, I call you to many things. No, no fear not my People, I will forsake thee no more. The Lamb is going to give the East Bat-tel. He shall deliver Sion. The time is short. The Beast is destroyed. Thou shalt see in a few Days the Burning of the great City. And in Page 117. I am going my Child in a few Days to set this City on Fire. I will cause Divisions in it my Child, this is my Purpose. I have many † Servants in this City who shall see the Desolation of it. Several shall be surpris'd in their own Houses. Thunder and Thunderbolts shall fall down upon it unexpectedly. They shall not be aware of Death. Know ye Children that I have sent you into this Country to make known my Will. I am to make thee go out of this City in a few Days. I give thee notice of it. My Judgments are ready. Yea upon this City where thou art*

* Waning 17. p. 12. † p. 122.

shall they fall. Ye royal Cities. Ye stately Mosques behold your Destruction.

What an idle and insignificant mixture of *Comedy* and *Tragedy* is contain'd in this *Farce*, sometimes acting like an *Antick* or *Buffoon*, in singing *French* to an *English* Assembly that understood none; otherwhiles playing *Pinkeman's Part*, in promising to shew extraordinary Sights and enriching himself with *Treasures*, and the excellent Faculty of singing *Triumphant Songs, a la mode de France*, and then concluding with the part of an *angry Prophet*, in foretelling the *Burning of London*, and denouncing other Judgments upon the Inhabitants of this famous and flourishing City. Which variety of Actions and Humours, shews him truly *French*, and that like their *Potage*, he is made up of every thing. You see his *comical Part* has made me also a little merry with him; and who can forbear ridiculing and exposing a *Buffoon*, usurping the Office and Name of a *Prophet*.

Methinks 'twas very rashly as well as wickedly done of *Mr. Marion*, to predict the *Burning of London*, because it might give him Trouble from the Government, as well as raise hard Thoughts against the *French*, who find comfortable Livelyhoods under it; for he cannot but know, there has been one *French Man* hang'd already, for being said to set this City on fire, at the instance of *Papists*, in the Year 1666, and who knows, what a fiery ignorant Zeal may tempt another to, at the instance of a *Prophet*, in order to fulfil his Prophecy: But let him have a care of such Bug-words for the future; for if the Mob take it into their Heads, they will force him to take his Heels, and leave this Country before he is willing to accomplish that Prophecy.

In discoursing this Subject, the *Burning of London*, it will give me an Opportunity of shewing the great want of *Truth* and *Sincerity* in these Prophets, who pretend to be inspired of the Holy Spirit, and also of their *Scribes* and other Admirers, who either believe it, or bear the World in hand that they do so; and the first thing I shall observe, is, that when this Prediction was delivered by the Mouth

Mouth of Mr. *Marion*, he said positively that it should happen in *three Weeks time*; but since his Prediction proved false, the *printed* Inspiration has left out the time, and only says, *My Child, thou shalt see in a few Days the Burning of the great City*, but to save the Prophet's Credit, conceals the time.

Others, in the Prophet's Favour, endeavour to excuse it, by saying, that Mr. *Marion* did not name the City of *London*, but say, that was a superaddition of his Enemies, to make him appear a false Prophet; but that Suggestion is confuted in the Inspiration, in Page 117. where 'tis said *this City*, and in p. 122. where he adds, *the City where thou art*. So that the Predictions and Endeavours to conceal it, are all of a piece, Notorious Falsifications.

But to silence them for ever on this Subject, I shall produce Mr. *Facio's* Testimony, as it was communicated to me in a Letter from an honest Gentleman, whose Curiosity was tempted to see them in their Extasies, and hear their Inspirations. In his Letter, I confess, are other things than what relates to the Prediction concerning *London*; but since there's nothing in it, but what relates to the great Design of *detecting* their *Impostures*, I shall give it you entire in the same Words in which I received it.

Sir,

“ After I had in vain sought Occasions, to satisfy my
 “ Curiosity, in seeing and hearing the *French* Prophets
 “ in their Extasies, as they call them; I was at last in-
 “ vited about 4 or 5 Months ago, to a Friend's House
 “ near *Red-Lyon-Square*; where being conducted into a
 “ Chamber, I found Mr. *Cavalier* was under violent A-
 “ gitations in a corner of the Room, about 7 or 8 Per-
 “ sons being present. I confess, his *Agitations* and *Pro-*
 “ *phesies* had no Impressions on me in his Favour; there
 “ seeming so much *Affectation* in his Motions, and no-
 “ thing extraordinary in his Expressions, but a perpetu-
 “ al Round of the same thing over and over, as if he
 “ had

“ had been repeating by Heart, some of Mr. *Marion's* Warnings that are printed.

“ The Extasie being over, I had an Opportunity of addressing my self to Mr. *Facio*, whom I had heard, was a Man of *Letters*, and religiously disposed. I was so very much dissatisfied with *Cavalier's* Entertainment, that I was surpriz'd to find any Men of Sense affected with it; much more to see Mr. *Facio* so diligent in penning every thing that was said, with as much Care as if it had been delivered from Mount *Sinai*. Whereupon I ask'd him, if he had never doubted the Sincerity of these Gentlemen? Who answered me he had, and particularly upon Mr. *Fage's* using strange Words in one of his Extasies, which he thought had no Relation to any Language; but being nor present when he spoke them, could not so well judge of them; therefore hearing Mr. *Fage* say, in an Extasie, that in a short time he should again speak in an Unknown Tongue; tho' Mr. *Facio's* Esteem of the Prophets began to abate. yet he resolv'd to hear *Fage* speak in a strange Language. Once after this, Mr. *Fage* had Warnings of an Extasie; but being awed by the Presence of some *Clergymen*, he stifled it; but Mr. *Facio* following him to another House, *Fage* immediately fell into an Extasie, and spoke to this Effect; *Mon Enfant je m'envoie repandre sur les Ennemis mes Jugements terrible, & ma dernier Sentence sera, Tring, Trang, Swing, Swang, Hing, Hang.* Thus in *English*, My Child, I am going to pour out my terrible Judgments upon my Enemies, and my last Sentence shall be Tring Trang, Twing, Twang, Hing Hang. “ Which unintelligible Jargon so stumbled Mr. *Facio*, that had been conversant in 52 Languages; that he returned home under the greatest Concern imaginable; being under Apprehensions, that hitherto he and his Friends had been scandalously mock'd, abus'd, and impos'd on.

“ Here he paus'd, and gave me room to ask him, how he surmounted this Difficulty; which he said,

was

“ was by applying himself to Prayer, in which he was
 “ directed *not to reject the Prophets*: Besides which So-
 “ lution, he thought the Words, or rather inarticulate
 “ Sounds, might allude to the Law among the *Jews*,
 “ not to exceed forty Stripes in punishing some Offen-
 “ ces; and tho’ he did not count the Blows *Fage* gave
 “ himself, yet he believed they were about that Num-
 “ ber, and that the *Holy Spirit* condescended to express
 “ himself by the sound of Blows, as a Man driving a
 “ Wedg, cries, *Ha, Ha, &c.*

“ I cannot be positive, whether it was at this time or
 “ a former, that Mr. *Fage* said, that the Nation that spoke
 “ this Language, should in a short time receive the Go-
 “ spel.

“ I further ask’d him about the *Judgments*, besides that
 “ of Fire, that were to fall upon *London*; whether they
 “ had prophesy’d upon any such Subject, and what they
 “ would be. He told me very seriously, that about ten
 “ Days before they had prophesy’d, that in *three Weeks*,
 “ some heavy Tokens of God’s Displeasure should fall
 “ upon this City. I asked him his Opinion of the three
 “ Weeks; whether it was to be understood as we mean
 “ in common Speech? He answered, that the *Judg-*
 “ *ment* should take place at the expiration of *three Weeks*,
 “ as commonly understood; and that the Anger of God was
 “ so irritated against the Inhabitants; that if they re-
 “ pent, he would not defer his Judgments; and tho’
 “ his Servants prayed for them, he would not hear ’em.
 “ I ask’d him what he thought as to the manner of these
 “ Judgments: to which he reply’d, to the best of my
 “ remembrance; that the Week before, as they were
 “ together upon the Water, *Marion* or *Fage* had an Ex-
 “ tatie, and said to this Effect, *My Child, the Heavens*
 “ *shall be as clear as they are now, when my Judgments*
 “ *shall be executed on this City, and in a Moment the*
 “ *Air shall be filled with Horror and Darknes.* So that
 “ Mr. *Facio* was inclin’d to think it would be a *Pestilential*
 “ Judgment, and tho’ general, it would chiefly affect the
 “ *French Refugees*. Soon after my Friend and I took leave,

“ and from that time have been perfectly cooled, as to
 “ my Curiosity of hearing them any more, till better E-
 “ vidence of the Divinity of their Mission should occur to
 “ the Knowledge of, Sir, your most Obedient Servant,
 H. N——n.

This Letter being somewhat long, I shall be the briefer in my Reflections. The first thing observable, is, the Insincerity of the Prophets, and those that have transmitted their *Inspirations* to us, in imposing a manifest Untruth upon their Readers, in concealing the Time, and putting themselves upon another Evasion (which you shall have ere long) to keep up the Reputation of the Prophets, and cover their extravagant Caprichios, 2. That so inconsiderate an Animal as *Fage*, should have Power to stifle the Operations of the Spirit at his own Pleasure. 3. That he should be able by speaking *Gibberish*, to force Mr. *Facio* with all his Learning to rack his Invention, in framing an Excuse for his Foolery, as ridiculous as his Unknown Language. 4. That Mr. *Facio*, out of *Fage's* Mouth, should say, that God will not pardon, tho' Men repent; which is to contradict the whole Series of the *Law* and *Gospel*, to annihilate the Design of Christ's coming into the World, and in leaving his Word and Ministers among us, to ground us in this great Truth; that all who *truly repent and believe, shall be saved*, and that *when the Wicked turn from their evil Ways, God will turn away his Wrath, and admit them to Pardon and Forgiveness*. God Almighty deliver us from such Men and Doctrines, that would curse the World with a Belief, that our God is Unmerciful, tho' he has proclaimed himself to be a God, *that takes Delight in pardoning and forgiving the Penitent*.

* My Child, yes, I assure thee, thou hast transgressed my Commands. Thou hast disobeyed me, Did not I command thee to abide within Doors and to keep all secret. Thou shewedst thy self abroad. I assure thee I will destroy thee, if thou

be not faithful to my Will. Yes, yes, thou hast transgressed my Commands in revealing my Secrets.

If the Secrets of the Lord were only with those that fear him, a very small portion of them would fall to Mr. Marion's Share. For if he either feared or believed a God, he durst not sport with his holy Name at so odd a rate as he does in the foregoing Paragraph, where there is no solid Sense, Matter or Coherence, but a confused huddle of Words, that signify nothing but to discover his own Folly; of whom and his *Fellows* it may be truly said, as *Lactantius* of some insipid *Philosophers*, *Multa loquuntur, nihil dicunt*; tho' they spoke much, they said nothing, because nothing to Purpose. There's a great difference between Speaking and Babbling, for one has Reason on its side, and the other only Noise. The latter only prevails with these Prophets: for what Purpose can this Inspiration refer to, in putting God Almighty upon so mean an Office, as to watch Mr. Marion's staying at home or going abroad, and for such a mere *Nothing*, to threaten him with Destruction, as if it had been one of the greatest Acts of Disobedience in the World. What is this but mere Babbling for Babbling sake, or at best, a Deception or Imposture, that by Custom they have suffered to pass upon their own Understandings, and now, to uphold some *gainful* Practices, would top it on others for an *Inspiration*. What great Secrets were between God and Mr. Marion, that ought not to be revealed, I cannot imagine, and therefore must leave their disclosing to a Superior Being; for I am very certain, that neither he himself, nor the wisest of all mortal Men understands his meaning in this and almost all the rest of his Nick-nam'd *Prophetick Warnings*, which should have been called *unintelligible Ravings*.

† *Fear not my Child, thy Enemies shall cry out against thee, Blasphemy, Blasphemy. They will exclaim against thee, but they shall not dare to bite! My Child, they will accuse thee of many things: Thy Enemies will say thou art*

a Sectary, and Impostor, one possessed of the Devil ; a Traitor to God and Religion. Let them take their Course. Rely thou upon me, and fear not.

If Mr. *Marion*, or rather Mr. *Daude* and Mr. *Portales*, have no better way of proving the Veracity of their *Predictions*, than what they employ in the above recited Paragraph, no Men of common Sense will regard them ; for considering how they demeaned themselves both in their Words and Actions, all this might have been foretold *without the help of Prophecy* ; and that with as much ease, as a *Burglar* being taken breaking into a House, might be told, if he persever'd in such Courses, Hanging would be the End of him. *Marion* and his two other Brethren in Iniquity, had utter'd Blasphemy, or what border'd near upon it : Affronted the Government, and brought an ill Name upon the peaceable Refugees ; and how could they think but the *Refugees* would exclaim against them as wretched *Impostors* ; since they had forsaken the Religion wherein they were Educated, to set up the gainful Trade of Propheying ; and what could they call them less than *Traitors* to God and Religion, when one of them at least was a *Pensioner*, to trapan the *French Protestants* into Torments, the Gallies, and Death. And another lies under the vehement Suspicion of being a Tool in the Hands of the *Jesuites* : For which the *French Mobb*, who have sharp Fangs when provoked, would not only have grinn'd, but have *bit* till their Teeth had met, if they had not been prevented by one of their Admirers, Sir *Richard Bulkely*, who is in Commission for the Peace. What can be said less, than that Men are possess'd with a *Devil*, when they rave, fight, tear their own Flesh, beat their Heads against a Wall, dash themselves against the Ground, foam at the Mouth, and are seized with all the frightful Symptoms of the *Demoniack* in the Gospel. So that this *Inspiration* is so far from being a Prophecy, that it is nothing but the natural Result of their own empanel'd Fears, where guilty Consciences being on the *Jury*, bring in a *Verdict* against themselves.

Know

* *Know, my Chld, that in two days time Pharaoh shall be thrown down to the ground. I am going to make of his House a place of Pleasure for my Son. My Sheep shall fold there. The Tree of Life shall grow there, and shall bear its Fruit every Season. Pharaoh shall be destroyed, in two days and a half he shall be no more. And in page 43. † My Child, I tell thee I will begin with Pharaoh; he shall be the first that I will destroy.*

The three preceeding *Warnings* being taken by Mr. *Daude*, Mr. *Facio* and Mr. *Portales* having something more of *Nothing* in them than their Leaders, and yet are extremely defective in point of *Truth*; for if, according to Mr. *Facio's* own Interpretation of the Text, by *Pharaoh* we are to understand the *French King*, who was to be destroyed in two days, or at most in two days and a half, according to the common way of speaking of all the World, then the Prediction is false; for the *French King*, to the trouble of all *Europe*, is still alive, and tyrannizes as much as ever; but if, according to Mr. *Facio's* shift, who they say is a great Proficient in *Rabinnical* Prognostications, as well as in *Geometry* and the scandalous Art of Figure-flinging, viz. *Astrology*; we are to understand by *two days* two years, why dont they tell us so? why do they leave us in the dark, and play at *Blind-mans-buff* with us? since it might conduce to Mr. *Marion's* own Advantage; for if he could grant *Louis le grand* a Leale of two years and a half yet to come, he would unquestionably give him at least 100000 Crowns Reward, tho he would scarce merit thanks from the *Dauphin*, or any other Prince in *Christendom*.

If by *Pharaoh's* House, Mr. *Marion* means *Versailles* or *Marly*, if Christ's Kingdom had been of this World, he had provided him of a very pleasant Seat; but how Mr. *Marion* would have transplanted the Tree of Life thither, or make a Sheep-coat agreeable to the Vicinage of a Royal Palace, is a Question. I take no delight in trifling in serious matters, and only use it to convince

* *Idem* pag. 42, 43.

† *Warn.* 41.

Mr. Marion's Scribes, that their *Enigmatical Bantering* the World with unintelligible Frenzies, is a scandalous Practice, a Reproach to Religion, and offensive to all good Christians. I shall only observe farther, that *Marion*, under the operation of the Spirit, says, in this Warnings, *That God will begin with Pharaoh, and that he shall be first destroyed*; and yet in page 35. he says, *that England shall be first attack'd*. How the Scribes will bring him off from this Contradiction, and hundreds of others, I am at a loss to imagine; unless it be by teaching him the *Art of Memory*, to prevent his lapsing into such notorious Absurdities for the future: for Mr. *Facio* knows *Mendacem memorem esse oportet*, Lying Prophets should be furnished with very good Memories, to prevent their Detection.

* *My Child, there shall happen an extraordinary Massacre: There shall be much Bloodshed; but it shall not be upon my Children, but upon the Enemies of my Church. † Know that there shall be a terrible Carnage; the Blood shall run down on all sides, and none shall stop it. The Earth must be drunk with the unclean Blood of the World.*

It's wonderful to hear how *Marion's* Spirit pleases it self in telling bloody Stories, which must be imputed to his having been a Soldier, or his own savage cruel Nature, too prone to commit barbarous Murders. However, to curry favour with his Followers, he says they shall have no share in it; but his Enemies shall have no quarter. 'Tis true he speaks of *Babylon* in the same place, but has told us elsewhere, that *Babylon is every where*: so that his *Warnings*, like *Almanacks*, are calculated for all Meridians in *Christendom*. And, that we may not apprehend this Judgment in a spiritual sense, he tells us, *he speaks of literal Murders, which shall follow one another closely*. Passages horrid enough to make one tremble, especially if we join them with what Mr. *Fage* has said in another place, where he declar'd, * *That in fact he had killed several Men, merely through the Impulse of the*

Spirit; and that he would have made no scruple to have killed his own Father, if he had received orders to do it. What a dangerous Doctrine is this, to be preach'd by Men that would be thought to be God's Prophets ! but are really the Devil's, in encouraging all kind of Barbarities, and then covering them with pretended Inspirations ; what Seas of Blood and ditmal Scenes of Murder would this Doctrine be the Author of, if we were not secur'd by an old Proverb, viz. He that kills a Man when he is [drunk] in an Extasie, shall be hang'd when he is [sober] out of it.

† My Child, *Antichrist* is not in one place only ; there is more than one *Antichrist* ; there are several of them in the Earth ; he is over all the World ; there is no place where he does not dwell.

Tho Learned Men differ in their Sentiments about who is *Antichrist*, some affirming it to be the *Turk*, others with more reason say it is the *Pope*, and fix his residence at *Rome* ; yet, till Mr. *Marion*' multiply'd the number, all agreed that there was but One ; and in this Opinion they were confirmed by the Holy Scriptures, which, whenever they describe or mention *Antichrist*, speak always in the singular Number, of One and not many *Antichrists* ; but it's the unhappy fate of Mr. *Marion*, that while he is pumping for Propositions to serve a present turn, he always happens upon such as make against himself ; for if there are many *Antichrists*, he is as like to be thought one of the number, as 'tis possible for any Man to be on this side *Rome* : Nay, some think the *Pope* himself does not more perfectly agree with the Description of *Antichrist* than Mr. *Marion*, tho I cannot agree to it, till Mr. *Lacy* has quitted his Claim, and Sir *Richard Bulkeley* has consented to it.

My Child, I say unto thee, hast thou done my Will ? hast thou proclaimed my Wonders ? I will have thee to make my Will known unto my People.

† Pag. 96.

* Warning 74. Jan. 5. p. 107.

If this *Inspiration* does not strike at God's *Omniscience*, in supposing he did not know whether *Marion* had done his Will or not; and therefore was obliged to ask the Question, and add a new Command to the former? Then if compared with the 23d *Warning*, where God accuses him with *Revealing his Secrets*; and in another place threatens to *take his Word from him*; it's a shrewd suspicion, that Mr. *Marion* is a very unfaithful and negligent Servant to his Master, that puts him to the trouble of so often repeating his Commands; and if so, why may not we, from such undeniable Evidence, as he gives against himself, conclude him to be a false Prophet, a Deceiver, a Teacher of Lies; for he that is false to God will never be otherwise to Mankind.

* *I am come to plunge into Death, I tell thee, every thing without Exception, the Priests and the Prophets; every thing that now is shall fall, and I will build anew. I come down to drive out these Scribes and these Pharisees, who sit in the Chair of Moses, and pronounce Sentence of Condemnation against my Elect. Do not flatter your selves any longer ye Powers of the Earth, Ecclesiastical and others. I will have a particular Obedience, I will no longer have a general Dominion over my People.*

If Mr. *Marion* means the first Death, that all shall be plung'd into, he contradicts himself; for in pag. 69, he says, *His People shall be fed with such precious Food, that they shall never dye*; and if he means the second Death, he contradicts the *Scripture*, which assures the Just of a happy Eternity of Life and Glory. But Contradictions with Mr. *Marion*, are as common as Flies in Summer. I shall therefore slight them, and proceed to acquaint you, that this Paragraph is level'd against her Majesties Government, *Ecclesiastical and Civil*: The first under the Title of *Priests, Pastors, Scribes and Pharisees*, and sometimes under the obliging Epithers of *dumb Dogs and Wolves that worry the Sheep*†; and the latter under the Style of those that sit in *Moses Chair*,

* Pag. 126.

† Pag. 158.

who exercise Dominion over, and pronounce Sentence of Condemnation against his People, which possibly may very well deserve it; for if you can believe Mr. Marion, in pag. 120. he says, *his People are as bad as their Enemies, and ought to be punish'd with heavy Stripes.* And here I cannot forbear observing, how absurd and foolish these Prophets are, in *Apeing* the Lord's Prophets, under such great Difference of Circumstances, and manifest Deficiencies of Purposes. The Lord's Prophets never denounc'd Judgments against any Persons, but they also named the Offences they had committed, and always in order to oblige them to Repentance for obtaining their Pardon; but these furious *Pseudo Prophets*, plunge all our Reverend Clergy, without Exception, into Death, yet never object any Crimes against them; and the Reason is, because they could not, for otherwise they are not mealy-mouth'd. They know our Clergy discover all their false Pretences and delusive Practices, and therefore *are accounted their worst Enemies, for telling them the Truth*; though it's our great Happiness, that a wise Providence has provided, that *Antidotes* should grow up in the same Soil with *Poisons*, and that where the Devil is a *Lying Spirit* in counterfeit Prophets, there should never want true Prophets to reprove and detect them. So that the whole consider'd, their railing at and cursing our *Ministers* and *Magistrates*, under feigned Names, is but imitating those senseless angry Animals, that *bark* against the Moon, not for its Spot, but its Light; for they know that bold *Calumnies* seldom miss of their Ends, in making good Men to be thought *Criminals*, with intent to make them odious, and therefore are never sparing on that Subject.

† There are now, my Child, very extraordinary things transacting, I assure thee they shall appear in a few Days. My Child, I tell thee, fear not. The Flower of the Grass of the Earth is faded. My Child, behold the Fire, behold the

† Warning, Jan. 26. p. 121, 122.

Fire, behold the Fire, I tell thee, which comes to burn it; The Ashes I tell thee shall be carried away by the Wind, from off the Face of the Earth, to be a Seed no longer: The Devil shall take it away with what belongs to it,

If there had been any Possibility of diving into the meaning of this *mysterious* Fardle of Nonsense, or that it would have admitted of any serious Thought relating to the Instruction of others, or Conviction of our Adversaries. I would have insisted upon that Head, but since he has given me no Opportunity to attack him on that Side; I will only tell Mr. *Marion*, that 'twas no extraordinary thing for the Seed of the Grass of the Earth to fade in the Month of *January* in *England*, though the contrary might among them have been thought more miraculous, than any thing they have yet produced, that pretend to work Miracles: Nor is it strange that Fire should consume combustible Matter, and the Wind carry away Ashes, without the help of the Devil; but that *Ashes should be Seed*, for the Production of any thing but *Dirt*, is extraordinary wonderful: And the *Secret* worthy a particular *Inspiration* to reveal it.

** There is yet, my Child, one Day of Tribulation for my People, I tell thee, but fear not that it will last long.*

By what Figure Mr. *Marion* speaks, would puzzle any learned Man to resolve, but Mr. *Facio*, who is their Tutor and Interpreter; for whenever this pretended Prophet speaks in *Extasie* or *Inspiration*, it's all mendacious Amusement and Riddle; for if one Day must be understood literally, let it be a Natural or Artificial Day, it *cannot be thought long*; and if by one Day according to Mr. *Facio's* Interpretation, we must understand a *Year*, then this Warning, like all the rest of his Predictions is false; for tho' they might be in Tribulation and Affliction, occasion'd by their extream Poverty, when they came first to *London*, yet they have manag'd

** Warn. 94. Eeb. 3, p. 137.*

their *Inspirations* so artfully, that their Circumstances were soon amended, and so continue: The *Onions* and *Garlick* of their own *Defart*, were converted into the *Flesh-Pots* of *England*; and whereas at their first coming they talk'd much, in all their *Inspirations*, of their going hence, and leaving this Country in a few Days; yet when they saw their Bellies fill'd, their Backs clothed, and themselves well lodg'd, the Spirit has been silent ever since on the Subject of their Departure, and durst they speak their Minds, wou'd say, 'tis good for us to be here.

Having thus dispatch'd what I thought fit to say upon Mr. *Marion's* *Prophetical Warnings*, all the rest being but impertinent and nauseous Repetitions of the same things of which you have had a Specimen in the foregoing Pages, till Feb. 3. 1706. give me leave in the next Place to shew his Improvement, and how he is advanc'd from a mean Prophet to one of the *Highest Rank*, and has the Assurance, and I think was the first of the *Three Frenchmen*, that pretended to have the Power of *Blessing* whom he pleases, and creeping into *Widows Houses*, and humouring those of that Sex, that are laden with divers *Lusts*; preys upon their Bodies, and hazards the Ruin of their immortal Souls. However, this sly Trick of pretending to bless, has cry'd him up for the *Heroe* of this infatuated Society, insomuch that having a large Stock of Confidence to manage it, many that had no Reason to expect a Blessing elsewhere, sought and accepted one from him, out of a fantastical and mistaken Apprehension, that he had Power to confer it, but they are as rare as *Monsters*, and so accounted of. Here follows two of his Blessings, taken and signed by one of the Scribes, in the following word.

Blessings pronounced by *Elias Marion* being under the Operation of the Spirit, Monday July 5. A. D. 1707. in the Chamber of Mad. *Eyton*, translated out of *French* by the Author of this History. These Blessings are not printed by them.

D

To

To Mary Eyton.

I bless thee in the Name of my God and thy God, my Father and thy Father : of Jesus Christ my Saviour, my Head and my Master. I bless thee in his name, and by his Authority thou art blessed. He introduces thee anew into his House, eternal Peace be to thee. He assures thee this day that he will have no further remembrance of thy Sins. Walk in his ways, and do not turn from them. Thy Heart is acceptable to him, direct thy Prayers to him. Go in Peace, and sin no more, his Blessing is upon thee.

To Mary Tuckey.

On the behalf of my God and thy God, my Father and thy Father, of Jesus Christ my Saviour, my Head and my Master. I bless thee in his Name, and by his Authority thou art blessed. He has sought thy Heart, and he will find it; draw nearer and nearer to him. Thy Thoughts are discover'd to him, but Fear is upon thee still. New Blessings shall come upon you. Your Prayer has been heard, thou hast applied thy self to him, to the end that he shall make thee know, that it shall be confirmed to thee. Go in Peace. Continue to address thy Heart to him; he will direct thee in the right Way, in the right Path. Go in Peace, and sin no more; new Graces shall be granted to you.

A remarkable Inspiration, and a fine Prayer preceded these Blessings. There was also a second Prayer and Thanksgiving, all which ended in the Operation of the Spirit. Taken and writ by me /

Charles Portales.

Here are a parcel of good Words huddled together, but of no Signification, either in the *Donor* or *Receiver*, for want of a *Commission* to pronounce them; but resemble a *private* Person's transacting forein Affairs abroad in the Name of his own Sovereign, without any *Authority* or *Credentials* from him; which by the Law of all Nations has been always accounted *High Treason*,
and

and renders the over-busie *Intermedler* obnoxious to capital Punishment. Therefore these obscure Men, like those of whom St. *Jerom* speak, * *Qui de Cavernis cellularum*, &c. who from their obscure Corners, run on God's (pretended) Errand before he sends them, and breath out *Blessings* and *Cursings* at their own Pleasures. To check that unruly Violence which transports them into these unwarrantable Actions, would do well to stop a little at the Book of *Jeremy*, where they would find their Presumption and giddy Zeal, waited on by as much Rebuke and Danger, as the false Prophets of those Days, who were first degraded, and then cursed : God disclaims their over-officiousness †, saying, *I have not sent them, neither did I command them, neither spake unto them*, and after condemns them to the Sword and Famine. Here they may also see, that that Prophet was so tender of himself in this particular, that lest he should be suspected for an *Intruder* upon his Office, he makes a voluntary Protestation, ∴ *that he had not thrust himself in for a Pastor*. St. Paul also, under the Gospel Dispensation, observes the same Rule, and before he delivers any Message by his Pen to the *Corinthians*, opens his Commission, *Vocatus ad Apostolatum* ; Paul called to be an Apostle of *Jesus Christ*, by the Will of God *; and in another place, does not only ask why any should act contrary to this Rule, but how they should perform the Scope of their Message. † *How shall they preach, unless they are sent ?* Let Mr. *Marion*, and the rest of his Brethren consider this, and then it may be hoped, that they will rather be silent, than offer unwarrantable Sacrifices. And so I take my leave of Mr. *Marion*, till I meet him occasionally hereafter, to change a few words with Mr. *Facio*.

Who is a Gentleman of the same Nation, but has for some time sojourn'd in *London*, and at present resides in the Parish of *St. Andrew-Holbourn*. He is a Pro-

* *Hieron. l. 2. Ep. 55.* † *Jer. 14. 14, 15.* ∴ *Jer. 17. 16.* * *1 Cor. 1.* † *Rom. 10. 15.*

feſſor of *Geometry*, the *Mathematical Sciences*, and is alſo tinged with the Itch of *Aſtrological Deluſions*, which might be one Inducement, to his greedy ſwallowing theſe extravagant new Notions, that one kind of Prognostication, like the *Lame* guiding the *Blind*, might help out the other, and both ſerve to amuſe the *Credulity* of the unthinking *Ἀνέφελτοι*. He is ſaid to be a great Maſter of Languages, and I am unwilling to rob him of the Glory of any of his laudable and uſeful Acquiſitions; but if he is no better read in the reſt of his Fifty two Languages, than in the *Hebrew Tongue*, in ſaying Mr. Fage's Gibberish, Tring, Trang, Twing, Twang, Hing, Hang, was a Branch of that Dialect, and ſignified Forty Stripes; he is fitter to be an Interpreter to ſtrolling *Gypſies*, than the *Eastern Princes*. But Raillery apart, he has been always obſerv'd to fit very looſe in all the Religions he has pretended to, and then no wonder that he ſtraggles into all kinds of *Temptation*. After he had ſome time follow'd theſe pretended Prophets, he thought they were *Cheats* and *Impoſtors*; but now, for what Reason he knows beſt, is grown one of the greateſt *Zealots* among them, and if he does not form, takes all their Inſpirations in writing, and corrects them at the Printing preſs.

Is grown very ſpiritual in his *Sighs*, profound in his *Groans*, has a great Talent in turning up a devout Eye, and in all other Accompliſhments, even to ſhaking and grimace. Theſe Arts, and his having a Reputation for a great Scholar, prevails much among them to the making of *Proſelytes*. He preſides in all their ſecret Councils, governs in all Debates, and determines in all Controverſies; only Sir Richard Bulkeley, when his preſent, has a ſuperior Power to that of Mr. Facio. The latter can only make the Prophet ſpeak as he has dictated, but Sir Richard has the Power of ſilencing the Spirit at his Pleaſure, accordingly when he hears Mr. Lacy in a high Rant, i. e. what he thinks may bring him within the Laſh of the Law, he ſtrikes two or three hard Blows upon the Table, and the Spirit obeys, and is immediately ſilent.

And

And, with Submission, I think Mr. *Facio's* being reputed a Man of *Learning*, adds no Weight to the Party, for *Wit* and *Learning* are noxious Ingredients, till corrected by Grace. A *Heathen* may be *learned*, an *Atheist* witty, and a *Devil* may be both in great abundance: He is not the first learned Enthusiast, that has been byals'd by *Interest*, or swayed by *Ambition* and *Vanity*, to be the Head of a new *Faction*; and with that Remark I take my leave of him for the present.

That Mr. *Lacy* was a Gentleman of Birth, Fortune, Parts, and of exemplary Morals, before he espous'd the *French* Impostors, is unquestionably true; but whether he still retains his former Prudence, Integrity and Sagacity, or whether he is fallen under the Power of a strong Delusion to believe a Lye, I must leave the Reader to judge from his succeeding Demeanour in Words and Actions. As a good Man he is to be pity'd and pray'd for, but not flatter'd in his senseless Chimera's, for his own sake, and that of others, lest his pertinacious *Freaks*, hiccupping into *Habits*, should render him incurable, and spread the Infection.

Object. The great Objection in Mr. *Lacy's* Favour, is, that if he did not suppose himself in the right, what should tempt him, that wants neither Friends, nor a plentiful Fortune, to render him as happy in this World as he can desire to be, to waste his Estate, fatigue his Body, torture his Mind, and lay himself under the Displeasure of his Friends and Relations, and the hard Censure of the World, for acting as he does.

Ans. So various are the Methods of the subtle Enemy of Mankind, in imposing his Delusions upon them, that it's difficult to assign a particular Deceit for every particular Person, though his Case will fall under some of these following Heads. His having the Reputation of a good Man, cannot more exempt him from *Deception*, when wavering, than it did St. *Peter* from denying his Master. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* The best things

things in their Use are worst in their Abuse, as the best *Wine* degenerates into the sowerest *Vinegar*.

Some Men are so desperately wicked by Inclination, that Satan tempts them in his own *Shape* as a *Devil*; but to the better sort of Men he employs more Art and Cunning, appears like an *Angel of Light*, and covers his ill Designs under the Name of God and Goodness; and by this means, if it was possible, would deceive the very Elect. Pretending to *Inspiration* and *Prophecy* are ensnaring Baits, and the Prince of *Darkness* is not unskilful in applying them; therefore I would have Mr. Lacy consider, that the *Devil*, notwithstanding all his fair Shows, is never more a *Devil*, than when he is a *Lying Spirit in the Mouths of false Prophets*.

Being unsetled in Religion, and under pretence of trying all things, Men often let go that which is good, and when once they turn their Backs upon the true Church, and are possess'd with the Spirit of *Rambling* from one Opinion to another, their Fondness surmounts their Reason, and their Judgments become blind and pronely seducible by every fantastical Adumbration, which multiplying in the Imagination, creates such an inward Trouble, that Men, grown giddy with frequent Turnings, at last run away from themselves, to avoid the Anxiety of their own Minds.

But that which I think comes nearest Mr. Lacy's Case, is a more than ordinary *Vanity* and *Ambition* of being thought wiser and better than the rest of the World, which, join'd with an Affectation of *Singularity*, and having the Glory of starting something that's odd and out of the way, and being the *Originals* of his own Opinion, which he thinks is an infallible Proof, that the reach of his own Understanding is above the common Standard, is turn'd at length to *Subtlety* and *Artifice*, to *Doubling* and *Insincerity*, to *deceive and being deceived*: Which I wish my Silence could bury from the Knowledge of all the World; and therefore if I saw any Remorse in him for his being ensnared, or Humiliation for his determining against the Sense of all the Religious World, and his

his dissembling with God, and his juggling with Mankind, I should be the last Man on Earth that should upbraid him with his by-past Miscarriages ; but since he continues high in his Pretensions, his Assurance provokes me, and evident Proof invites me to lay him open, and if in doing it I am forc'd to be very round and plain with him, the blame must fall upon himself, whose *Prophetical Warnings*, and other idle Fancies extorted it from me.

Mr. *Lacy's* Admirers and Abettors may flatter him and themselves, that his *Intellects* are sound and no ways craz'd, but his nearest *Relations* and best *Friends* were apprehensive, that his Brain was somewhat touch'd a little before his closing with the pretended *French* Prophets, and therefore Prayers were put up for him at Mr. *Calamy's* Meeting-House, as I am inform'd, that God would be pleas'd to restore him to his right Mind, and give him a Sense of his Errors, that he might remember from whence he was fallen, and return to the Lord by unfeigned Repentance ; and indeed I am of their Opinion, though he may have had some lucid Intervals, his every days Demeanour confirms that Opinion ; for no Man would act as he does, that is Master of his own Understanding, as his succeeding *Prophetical Ravings*, and other extravagant Crotchets will manifest. He begins his *Warnings*, June 12. 1707. but the first I shall take notice of is in these Words,

* *When I will strengthen your Capacities, then you shall be able to see my Face, and not before. If I should shew you the back part of my Goodness ; if I did not support you, it would blow out your weak Flame.*

By Mr. *Lacy's* good Leave, this is *Heterodox* Divinity, and stands in direct Opposition to the Word of God, which has told us plainly, that no Mortal Man can see the Face of God and live ; and if he should tell us, that those Words are to be understood in a Spiritual Sense, why does he not acquaint us with the meaning of them ?

If he does not understand the meaning of them himself, why did he utter them? why does he delight to puzzle Mens Understanding? since 'tis a certain *Rule*, and visible among these pretended Prophets; that they who cloth their Sentences with unintelligible and ambiguous Words, do at once affront their Auditors, and discover a Purpose to deceive them. The rest of his recited Words, *viz. Back Parts, and blowing out weak Flame*, are such indecent Expressions, and admit of such rude and nauseous Reflections, as I am ashamed to make, and wonder Mr. *Lacy* was not more ashamed to defile his Mouth with them, and tempt others like himself, to say any thing that comes uppermost!

Some of Mr. *Lacy's* particular Friends, pitying him under this Delusion, prayed to God for his Recovery; but seeing him persevere, and seem to justify his Practice, they desired him to give them his Reasons, why he had deserted their Society and his Religion; under pretence of an *extraordinary Call*, to associate with the French pretended Prophets, which all sober Men, and knowing and sincere Christians, look'd upon as Self Designing Men, and at best, *Enthusiastick Impostors*, and also to answer their Objection, which Reasons and Answers he promised to give his Friends; but neglecting to perform it, they thought fit to refresh his Memory with a *Letter* to the same Purpose. And now see what pitiful *Shifts* he is put to, to frame an Answer to it; which follows under his own Hand Writing, in these Words, without any Alterations or Additions.

Dated at London, June 18. 1707.

SIR,

“ THE Moment of reading your Letter, I found the
 “ approaches of an *Extasie*, having in my Mind re-
 “ solved then to gratify your Desires, and answer my
 “ own Promises; but immediately returning to my Clo-
 “ set, after the usual *Agitations*, Words were forced
 “ from me (as they always are) concerning the Premi-
 “ ses, among which were these following, or certainly
 “ to this Effect. “ They

" They by one Visit, or without so much, determine perem-
 " ptorily. I take it ill of them. They are Nicodemus's,
 " and must needs have Privacy. They turned away their
 " Faces, and are not yet in that Disposition I expect from
 " them. They are under a Prepossession. Twenty good
 " Proofs are not so much heeded as one Objection. Go not
 " to 'em.

" " Upon this, returning to my natural State, I came
 " from the Garret, and wrote the first Line of this Let-
 " ter; but the Symptoms coming upon me again, I re-
 " turn'd thither, where applying to God in *Extatick*
 " Prayer, to vouchsafe, if he thought fit, some Answer
 " to your Objections, he readily granted the following
 " Words only.

" Tell them, I will explain my own Words, and not be
 " judged by their Explication. They mistake the Matter
 " of Fact, and make perverse Inferences from it too.

" Here, finding returning Symptoms, I went up the
 " the third time, and besought God again to give me
 " some Notices, what Disposition he expected, and the
 " Answer was in these Words.

" I will have them come as little Children, weaned from
 " their Prepossessions about my Kingdom, and the manner
 " of this Vouchsafement,

" You see, Sir, I am no longer my own Master, I
 " hope a very short *Delirium*, without any of the least
 " Cloud upon my Intellect, since the 13th of *March*,
 " will be no just Bar to what God may think fit to do
 " by me. This *Delusion*, as you call it, came upon me
 " first, upon earnest Prayers to God, and has been in-
 " creased since the same way. I do lie at his Feet con-
 " tinually, and if you thought it worth your while, im-
 " partially and diligently to look into the thing, as the
 " portance thereof requires, you would know I have no
 " Time to satisfy you in Writing. I stand upon my
 " own Legs, and no Objections of others can determine
 " me; tho' am satisfied in others too. If you desire com-
 " plete Satisfaction by Argument, you must apply to
 " others. My Commission must be allowed to demon-
 " strate

“strate it self. The Ways of God are not always those
 “of Men. You have never prayed half so much to
 “prevent my *Delusion*, as I have done. May God, in
 “Mercy, prevent and over-rule your *Prejudice*, which
 “is a *Delusion*. No Men in the World have more the
 “Heart of, Sir, Yours, and their Obedient Servant,
 John Lacy.

What *Jesuit* in the World could have framed a Letter-
 fuller of Equivocations, and Sophistical Evasions,† than
 Mr. Lacy has cramm’d into his ; which is a great Ar-
 tifice among all their Prophets, and their Friends, and
 Followers ; when they are pinch’d with Questions rela-
 ting to the Proof of their *Extraordinary Calling*, which
 they know they cannot answer, to the Satisfaction of
 any reasonable *Person*, and are therefore forc’d to do it
 by pretended *Inspirations*, which have a wonderful In-
 fluence upon the Wavering and Ignorant ; but as these
 pretended Prophets employ them, wiser Men call it no-
 thing else than another sort of *Legerdemain*, or *jugling*
 with the World ; for when no reason in the World can
 be given for what they say and do, they excuse their
 Silence and want of Argument, in laying their Defects
 upon the Spirit, which, they say, commands them *not to*
answer. So the *Jesuits*, when interrogated about their
 Anti-Scriptural Practices, answer, the Church com-
 mands them. When Mr. Lacy should give a Reason for
 what does, and answer his Friends Objections. Not a
 Word, he is not his own Master, and therefore must
 not answer : Which is all Trick, Diffimulation, and
 Cosenage ; for we all see that the Spirit always makes
 such Answers as serve their Purposes, and bears the
 Blame of all their Impostures. Mr. Lacy’s Spirit bids
 him tell his Friends, that twenty good Proofs are not so
 much heeded by them as one Objection ; and yet never
 made one substantial Proof of his being a true Spirit, since
 his arrival at London. In short, Mr. Lacy, his Spirit, and
 this Letter, are all *Originals* and will serve to answer
 all Men and things in the World, by a peculiar extraor-
 dinary Gift in not answering them. * I

* I speak not to you by Persuasion, but Authority, for mine is the Earth: And all your poor sorry Lamps I can blow them all out of your Bodies. I have waited many Years, many Ages. Oh fear and live! Laugh and die, laugh and die. Who is it you laugh at? Consider your selves. The People of Sodom laugh'd that very Morning that was their last. You that scoff me out of my very Being; is it not a Shame, in this Kingdom, not only to think, but to say there is no God. I AM, I AM, I AM. Go study that great Word.

This the Scribes tell us was spoken in a great Assembly, where there was much Rudeness and Disturbance given; but it was by their own Countrymen, who apprehending the lewd and ominous Predictions of the French pretended Prophets, might bring the Refugees of that Nation into the Displeasure of her Majesties British Subjects, were resolved to disturb their Meetings, and by casting all the Scorn and imaginable Contempt upon them, convince the English among whom they liv'd, that both their Principles and Practices were their Abhorrence. It was Mr. Lacy's Misfortune to be among them, which gave Birth to the above written Inspiration. Where I am pleas'd to hear him say, that he spoke by Authority, and not Persuasion; for nothing but his own deluded Spirit, would persuade a Gentleman of his Quality, to render himself so cheap and freakish, as he appears in that Extasie, where a cluster of Words are so incoherently jumbled together, as if he designed to raise the Passion he inveighed against, or act to Parts in the same Breath, the Serious and Comical; the Serious in these Words, Oh fear and live, and then the Comical, laugh and die, laugh and die. Which methinks might have spar'd the Question, who is it you laugh at? Since he must be of a very serious and reserved Temper that could forbear.

It seems, the Mob were so rude in scoffing at Mr. Lacy, that some admire that his Spirit did not blow the Lamps out of their Bodies; but I rather wonder it did not ex-

cite the *French* to a more dangerous Passion, when the Y heard him say, *You that scoff me out of my very Being* ; for if he means God, Almighty and Everlasting, the Words border upon *Blasphemy*, and insinuate that 'twas in the Power of wretched *Mortals*, to annihilate the Supreme and Eternal Being ? Words not fit to be heard in a Christian Kingdom ! but I hope 'twas the dreadful *Fright* the *Mobb* put him into, that made him guilty of that absurd and gross *Hyperbole* ; which I advise him to repent of, by studying the meaning of that great Word, *I A M*.

* *My Enemies shall precipitate themselves into such Ways, as shall hasten my Judgments upon them, I will leave them to him. Their natural Sagacity they value themselves so much upon, will fail them miserably. Say they, What ! such a few scrub French Fellows, come to terify us in the Name of God, thot sit here as Kings ? Poor Creatures, that look only to the natural Faces of Men. They may well be Touchy and Angry. They do not look to me at all. I have a great Number in this City, that will come to me after a few Calls.*

I am not certain whether these Judgments are levell'd against the *Magistrates*, or *Ministers* of *England*, or both ; nor is it of great Importance to know it ; since *Mr. Lacy* commonly hurles his Stones without taking Aim, and cares not who they hit, so they do Execution upon any of those he calls his Enemies ; for his Spirit is an angry touchy Spirit, seldom pleased but in denouncing Judgments against all but themselves, for never any sort of Men, fill'd up each Member of that Character which our Saviour gives of the *Pharisees*, viz. *thinking well of themselves, and despising others*, better than these Prophets do, as appears by the Judgments, Censures, and reproachful Language he bestows upon others, for the sake of a few *French Scrubs*, of whom I shall say no more in this place, because *Mr. Lacy* has said so much Truth already, in that Particular. He further adds, that *he has a*

* June 20. p. 24.

great Number in this City, that will come to him after a few Calls. And that I may oblige you with the Character of one or two of them. I must leave Mr. Lacy and his Spirit for a Moment, but will attend them again immediately.

It was about this time, that the precious piece of Mortality, *Betty Grey*, who makes such a Figure in this Narration, came, and almost without Calling, to add to the Number of the *Inspired*, and has proved so great a Proficient in the Art and Mystery of *Prophefying*, and Feats of *Activity*, as to outdo all the rest.

Of her Parents and Education I have no Knowledge, all the Account I have of * her, is, that she is the Man's Niece that snuffs the Candles at the Play-House, and there in all Probability she learn'd the gamesome Frolicks she "practised among the pretended Prophets; with "whom she came acquainted, by the *French* Prophets "lodging in her Uncle's House about a Fortnight, and "all of a sudden, grew very intimate and familiar with "them. It seems, she was a wild skittish Girl, and Mr. "Marion rebuked her for her light and wanton Behaviour, which had such an Effect upon her, that she "took it Heart, and wept bitterly, and ever after shed "Tears when he spoke to her, tho' *Betty* understood no "French, and *Marion* could speak no *English*. However, after this she became more Serious; and one of "them having an Inspiration while they lodged there, and "declaring, that one of that Family was to be called out "for the Work and Service of the Lord, *Betty Grey* was "soon seized with the Symptoms of Inspiration, and in a "little time after her Mouth was opened.

"Not long after, says my Friend Mr. L. M. *Betty* "did all things by Inspiration: Left her Aunt's House "sometimes two or three Days and Nights together. After that ten or twelve Days and Nights successively, "and at last, told her poor deluded Uncle and Aunt, that "she must leave them for good and all; for she had re-

* Communicated to me by a Letter from Mr. L. M.

“ceived a new Name from Heaven, viz. *Saraiah the Mother*
 “of the Faithful, and therefore must live among the Prophets,
 “and work in the Lord's Vineyard. This her Aunt told
 “me.

“One of these Prophets is extreemly taken with the
 “sweet and charming Society of *Betty Grey*, (for so I
 “will call her, till I have better Authority for her Mock-
 “Name) and as I am credibly inform'd, embraces and
 “blesses her when she is in Bed, and that by *Inspiration*
 “too, which I am inclin'd to believe, from the over-amo-
 “rous Relations that frequently drop from her own Mouth,
 “which I have been amazed to hear; and from their
 “kissing, singing, dancing, and whistling in their *Extasies*;
 “baudy Postures upon the Bed, and more parti-
 “cularly, by what a handsome Leg I once saw among
 “them, with other Indecencies; of which I could
 “give you large Testimonies; but Sir, I want some
 “grains of their large Stock of Impudence, and more
 “time to steel my Brows, before I can relate them, in
 “Dialect as scandalous as the Actions.

“When *Betty Grey* left her Uncle and Aunt, she told
 “they must expect to hear no more from her till she
 “was in Prison; but that proved notoriously false. She
 “also told me that Mr. *Lacy* and the other Prophets
 “longed more for a Prison than for Meat and Drink; for
 “then the Judgments they had foretold would certainly come
 “to pass.

“Their last Meeting on June 28. 1707, consisted of
 “about thirty Persons; where Mr. *Allut* a French Prose-
 “lyte had the first *Inspiration*, and after other Words,
 “his Spirit declared, that *Betty Grey* should have a Vi-
 “sion of Angels. She took the Hint, and before *Allut*
 “had quite done, fell into an *Extasy*, and preten-
 “ded she had such a Vision, but refused to tell
 “the Particulars publicly. Though another of
 “the *Inspired* took an opportunity to say, that her
 “Vision was a Confirmation of Mr. *Allut's* Inspiration;
 “though there was no other Proof of her Vision than
 “her bare Affirmation, and every one knew their Cue

“ so perfectly, that I and several others that were present, were really of Opinion, it was concerted between them before they came from home, for they cohabit in the same House. Thus Sir, all that they would have look strange, and like Truth, is acted upon and among themselves, who being under the same *Delusion*, will not discover their own Cheats.

“ Mr. *Lacy* acted the next Part, but run so hard against the *English* Clergy, calling them *egregious Fools*, and saying, that his Spirit was come to plead with all those Pastors, that charge so much *Imposture* upon his Messengers; Ay, ay, ay, ay *. Your corrupt Hearts shall be ript up to the view of all; that Sir *Richard Bulkeley* was forc'd to strike twice upon the Table, before he could check his Career, and take him off his Speed. Which seems a strange Contradiction to me; for if Mr. *Lacy* spoke the Words of the Holy Spirit, as he pretends he does, how durst Sir *Richard* silence him? If he did not, why did that *learned Knight* hear, applaud and encourage him: One of them must be in a great Fault.

“ When I thought the *Show* was at an end, *Allut*, who stood by me near the Door, fell into such a dreadful Fit, as frighted a Gentleman that came with me. He fell upon his Back, afterward turn'd upon his Face, and as they said, prayed incomparably. Then *Allut* and *Betty Grey* made a shew of departing, but when they had gone down two or three Steps, an *Inspiration* seized *Betty*, upon which she returned, and had such a dreadful Fit, that sitting down in a Chair, she made the very Room shake. In short, Sir, she had a huge Hamper full of Blessings to bestow, one of which I believe was designed for me; if I had not made the best of my way to prevent it. They continued in giving away their Blessings till ten a Clock.

* *Warning*, p. 40, 41.

“ I might also acquaint you Sir, with the Gentle-
 “ man’s Reflexions upon *Betty Grey*’s immodest Actions;
 “ but ’tis too smutty for chaste Ears; for in truth, all
 “ her *Agitations* are attended with such shameful bāudy
 “ Sight, that none in their Senses, can believe them to
 “ be Acts of Religious Worship, as they pretend they
 “ are.

“ *Betty Grey*’s thriving so well in this Trade, and liv-
 “ ing in such great Plenty and Esteem among the chief-
 “ est of the Inspired, soon brought in another she *Sinner*
 “ among them, to be translated into a Prophetess; to
 “ mend her Circumstances, and to fulfil Mr. *Lacy*’s Pro-
 “ phec, who says, *he * has a great number in this City*
 “ *that will come to him after a few Calls.* I have shew’d
 “ you in part, what one of is already, and the other is
 “ called.

“ *Pudding Pye Moll*, I cannot yet learn her *Sirname*,
 “ but she is generally known in *London* by that, because
 “ she lived by carrying and selling Pudding Pies about
 “ the Streets; not that I despise any Person that uses
 “ the meanest Employment to procure an honest Live-
 “ lyhood; but since I know no other Name, must be
 “ excused for calling her by this. She was sometime
 “ under the Tuition of *Betty Grey*, and had only the *Pre-*
 “ *parations*, but not the *Gift of Prophecy*, till a while af-
 “ ter, and then her *Tutorefs*, in a solemn Meeting gave
 “ her her Blessing, open’d her Mouth, adopted her a
 “ Sister, and promised her the *Gift of working Mira-*
 “ *cles.* And this is all I shall say of this Woman at
 “ present, unless she comes in my way at another
 “ Meeting. Thus Sir I have given you a short Account
 “ of part of what I was an Eye-witness of, in hopes it
 “ may contribute something to the detecting of those
 “ vile Persons, who falsely call themselves the Lord’s
 “ Prophets; nor do I think I injure them in bestowing
 “ those deserved Epithets upon them, since I can truly,
 “ and without Prejudice say, that I never saw any thing

* P. 24, 25.

" among them, but what appear'd to me to be premeditated Knavery.

Yours L. M.

What ! Protection and License, and free Liberty to all but my Messengers ! O severe Censure of me ! No Indulgence, no Quarter, no Law, no Protection for me ; no compassionate Pastor to receive for once his wandering Lord ? No English Liberty, for the Man that speaks for me ? Even the Rights of the Human Nature are violated : No Civility. Brutal Rage !

What a strange and unaccountable Folly and Ingratitude, does Mr. Lacy discover in the foregoing Paragraph. One would think he and his three French Brethren were under the severest Persecution, that ever happened in the Christian World, to hear him exclaim at this dreadful Rate, without any Provocation. How egregiously does he employ his Invective ? A French Mob disturbs their Meeting, and he reflects upon the Government ! They are protected by the Laws, and he says there are no Laws ! They share in the common Liberty of her Majesties British Subjects, and he would insinuate they are under Oppression. They are indulg'd in their Follies and Frenzies almost to a Fault ; and yet instead of being thankful, he shews himself the most unthinking, or most ungrateful Man in the World. They are Aggressors, and yet complain ! They preach and print *Sedition* ; and he would have the Government wink at it. No, if they will offend, let them smart with a Rod of their own making ; for they are scarce to be pityed, nor to be pardoned, that wilfully offend against Mercy and Goodness.

† *Well, my Children prepare : The Time is come that you are to be called to suffer, Measures are taken already for it. I will give you notice of the Time. All, all are against you ; but you will have no need of Friends, I will give you inward Courage, that shall astonish your Persecutors, and I will deliver you.*

This Paper or Message, that by Direction of the Spirit, was sent to the Lord Chief Justice, to grant a *Noli Prosequi*, having had no Effect, for a Reason you will hear by and by ; they thought it time to prepare themselves for a Tryal ; and one way they took for it was, that in the beginning of the Week, in which Mr. *Marion* was to have his Tryal at *Guild-Hall*, Mr. *Lacy* had an Inspiration, wherein he gives them Counsel and Comfort, but was out of his aim, false or impertinent in both of them. He tells them he would give them notice of the Tryal, which was unnecessary, that was done by the Court, without Inspiration. That all, all would be against them, but that was false, for they found twelve more on their Side than they expected, or that they ought to have had. That they should have no need of Friends, which was *Disimulation* ; for they made all all they could : And that he would deliver them, which is also untrue, for the Criminal was convicted. But that which seems very close upon them, is, that though they would perswade others to believe the Spirit's Dictates are *infallible*, yet they don't believe it themselves ; for if they did, there was no need of retaining Mr. Serjeant *Hooke* for their Counsellor, after Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit had given them Advice without a Fee, which they could not expect from the Serjeant, and therefore they gave him a double Fee, Mony, and an Inspiration in his Chamber, for which he labour'd abundantly for them the next Day at *Marion's* Tryal, where he was learnedly charg'd by the Queen's Attorney, and Solicitor General, together with Mr. *King*, Mr. *Eyres*, &c. with *Blasphemy* and *Sedition*, and yet the Jury found only, that publishing the Cry in the Desert, and *Marion's* Prophetical Warnings, amounted to no more than a *Misdemeanour* : However, that Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit might appear to say something that might reflect upon the Government, according to his wonted way of slandering, he calls this Tryal a *Persecution*, though he knows they suffer'd as Evil doers, and that 'tis the Cause, and not the Suffering that makes the Martyr. However, this
Tryal

Trial and Conviction, after he had promis'd to stand by and deliver them, put Mr. Lacy into such a Passion, that he resolv'd to pay his Enemies off, and threaten them to purpose in his next *Inspiration*.

* You shall see my Trumpet gives no uncertain Sound. You shall see Rocks rent, the Earth opening in some places: In others you shall see the Foundations of Cities shaken: All the Elements shall obey my Word of Command; Fire from above, a stinking Vapour from beneath. The Air shall poison those it should, it used to refresh.

One would think that Mr. Lacy lived in the Kingdom of Naples or Sicily, and that the sulphurous Smoke of Mount Etna had troubled his Brain, and made him dream at so vile a rate, and throw about his Judgments without Fear or Wit; where he knows they are no more regarded than those Animals in Spain, that are called the King's Trumpeters; for Mr. Lacy's Trumpet always gives an uncertain, though like them a grating and immusical Sound; for I challenge him to shew any one of his Predictions that ever came to pass; but since this Gentleman thinks himself obliged to imitate, and be as full of Fire and Smoke as his Prodigium Monsieur Marion, I will not at present give my self Liberty to imagine, that he speaks maliciously, what he would fain have come to pass; but rather, considering the time of the Year, that it's only the Effect of a Midsummer Moon, the Symptoms whereof, as I am inform'd, have been too long in his Family. May it please God to avert them.

† July the 2d. Mr. Lacy deliver'd two Inspirations in Latin, a Language he pretends he does not understand, and that when he had utter'd them, he was not able to construe them; to which I ask his Pardon for saying, *Vix Credo*, that I neither can believe that Sham, nor that the Holy Spirit of God would declare his Will, in a

* Warning, July 1. p. 55. † Warning, July 2. p. 56, 57.

Language wherein he could not be understood, which is meer *Abuse* and *Mockage*, unworthy any Spirit, but that which I fear governs *Mr. Lacy*, and the rest of the Society of *Pseudo Prophets*; for at this Meeting, though pretty full, it could not be supposed there were more than five Persons that understood *Latin*, and therefore it could not be to the *Edification* of the Hearers, and to no more purpose among People assembled to worship God, than their *Whistling*, so commonly and ridiculously practis'd among them on the most solemn Occasions, when they pretend to the highest Acts of Religion. But *Mr. Lacy's* Spirit delights in Absurdities, and therefore at another Meeting * gave his Blessing in *English*, to *Frenchmen* that could not understand it.

'Tis true, the Apostles being fill'd with the *Holy Ghost*, began * to speak with other Tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance, and *Mr. Lacy's* Pride or Distemper puts him upon imitating them, to persuade the ignorant, that he is endued with the same Spirit, whereas he acts in direct Opposition to the Apostles. They spake the Language of the † *Parthians, Medes and Elamites, Mesopotamians, Cappadocians, &c.* on purpose to teach them the Principles of the Christian Religion, in the Tongues they understood; but *Mr. Lacy's* Spirit speaks out of Vain glory and Ostentation, in a Language that neither he nor his Auditors understood, which could have no Design but to puzzle and abuse them. And, which I don't much wonder at, *Mr. Facio* was at this Meeting, who having long troubled his Head about abstruse Languages, Matter and Motion, was observ'd to give great Attention, to turn up the heavenly part of his Eyes, and to move his Hands and Head *Geometrically*, in Approbation of what was his own Invention. So that we may say with one of God's Prophets in the *Old Testament*, *The Leaders of this People cause them to err.* The same Day *Mr. Lacy* had another Inspiration, which shews his Spirit to be somewhat *Cross-grain'd*; for in the Morning

* P. 68. † Acts 2. 1. to the 26.

it spoke Latin, where it was not understood, and in the Afternoon spoke English, where almost the whole Assembly under *Latin*. The printed Inspiration is to this Effect.

* *Ye, my People, have done well to come at length. I come to call. I forbid none the use of their Reason to judge by. You say there was no need of such a Mission here as in France, where no ordinary Ministers did remain: but I see and know that your Ministers here do not teach or proclaim my approaching Kingdom. As to that point, they are totally silent, shamefully silent. Therefore I think fit to publish this Mission here, as in France, and not here only, but over all the Earth.*

The Scribes, Sir Richard Bulkeley, Mr. Facio, and Mr. Portales, having told you *, that the above-written was utter'd at an appointed Meeting with *Ministers* of several Sorts; and some others; but having been very insincere, and defective in their Relation, as if our Ministers had only been Auditors of the pretended Prophets, and that none of the pretended Prophets spoke or shewed any of their *Postures*, but Mr. Lacy; I shall give you a full Relation of that Meeting, as it was transmitted to me in Writing, by a very worthy, ingenious and honest Gentleman who was present. His Letter bears date, July 4th, 1707.

SIR,

A Meeting, to hear and discourse the pretended French and English Prophets, being held at a Friends House, near Christ-Church-Hospital, London, there were were present, Dr. K---et, Dr. W---ard, J. C---ayne Esq; Mr. Y---tes, Mr. W---ock, Mr. H---ges, Mr. H---nt, and Mr. K---th, Members of the Church of England. Mr. Sp---an, Mr. T---g, Mr. G---ton, Dissenters. And lastly, Mr. Marion the Camisard, and Mr. Lacy the pretended English Prophet: And on the part of the Prophets, Sir Richard Bulkeley, Knight, Mr. Fa-

* *Warning, July 2. p. 56, 57, 58. † p. 57.*

‘*cio*, and Mr. *Portale's*, Scribes. *Sir Richard*, who seems
 ‘to be their Advocate General, was about to read a Pa-
 ‘per, but was prevented by Mr. *Marion's* falling into
 ‘one of his Fits, or *Inspirations* ; who after a few *Sighs*,
 ‘*Sobs*, and *Hiccups*, broke Silence ; but every Word al-
 ‘most being accompanied with a *Gulp*, or a *Hiccup*, and
 ‘violent Agitations of the Head and Body, which seem'd
 ‘to be *Affected*, and all his Sentences so broken and in-
 ‘coherent, that I could scarce understand, much less
 ‘bear in Mind the Particulars he discours'd.

‘The whole seem'd to be calculated for the present
 ‘Meeting, both the *French* and *English* Prophets, chiefly
 ‘applying themselves to our Ministers, whom they call'd
 ‘*Doctors*, and *Conductors of the People*, and ascrib'd the
 ‘Necessity of their own extraordinary *Call* and Ministry;
 ‘to the Neglect of our *Pastors*, in not warning the People
 ‘of approaching Judgments, &c. which is all I shall say
 ‘at present of their Sermons in particular, and shall re-
 ‘fer you, Sir, to the *Prophetical Warnings*, publish'd
 ‘by *Elias Marion*; for the same Incongruities, Tauto-
 ‘logies; and general Predictions of the Fall of *Antichrist*,
 ‘Destruction of *Pharaoh*, and Judgments on the *Wicked*,
 ‘by whom they chiefly mean the *French* Protestants, that
 ‘molest their Meetings, ran through all their Noisy Ha-
 ‘rangues.

‘I call them general Predictions, for they having
 ‘made two or three false Steps in particular Prophe-
 ‘cies, they carefully avoid splitting on the same Rock for
 ‘the future. When *Marion* had done prophesying, he
 ‘kneeled down and prayed, his usual Agitations conti-
 ‘nuing; but little Difference could be perceiv'd between
 ‘his Sermon and Prayer; for there was neither Decen-
 ‘cy, solid Matter, or tolerable Order in either of them,
 ‘and yet all was ascrib'd *Enthusiastically* at least, if not
 ‘*Blasphemously*, to the Holy Ghost, the God of Order :
 ‘Mr. *Facio* said, when the Prayer was ended, that none
 ‘of our Divines were able to do any thing like it, to which
 ‘*Sir Richard Bulkely* assented.

‘ Mr. Lacy who was in a corner of the Room in a great Chair, fell also into an Extasie, and in his Fit, shook off his Peruke, but readily put it on again himself; tho’ they affirm, that they know neither what they say or do in *Extasie*. He spake very slowly, and paused between each Syllable of a Word, e. g. My--Child--I--tell--thee--I--am--the--In--ter--pre--ter--of--my--own--Law--&c. just like Children learning their Primmer, a Sign of his being but a Tyro, or Novice in the Art of Prophefying; which gave him a great deal of Ease, whilst the poor *French Man* almost thresh’d himself to Death in his Agitations.

‘ Our Divines, who had patiently heard them several Hours, thought they might say something in their Turns; but they had no sooner propounded two or three Questions, than Sir *Richard Bulkeley* whispered Mr *Facio* in *French*, not to answer them, or enter into Arguments; and then said aloud, *that the Spirit had forbid them to dispute with us, &c.* which was deny’d by Mr. Lacy, and Sir *Richard* stood corrected.

‘ Mr. T--tes stoutly charg’d them with being false Prophets, and instanc’d in *Marion’s* predicting, *that the City of London should be destroyed by Fire*, and that the Time was lapsed without Effect, which they evaded by saying, that the three Weeks were to be resolved into *Prophetical Days*, which signified just 21 Years; tho’ they could not deny, but that they themselves all along understood natural Days, till the predicted Time was past, and then Mr. *Facio* furnish’d them with this Evasion, That the heavy Judgments denounced against the *French* Protestants residing here, on whose dead Bodies, as *Marion’s* Spirit told them, they should walk, was a *Stretcher* of the same Complexion. Dr. K--et challeng’d them to give clear Proof of their Extraordinary Calling, and the Necessity of it; but receiv’d nothing from them, but very lame Answers and poor Evasions; your humble Servant, J. C--ne. Thus far the Letter.

Which being so Full, and to the Purpose, I shall add but a few Observations upon it. The first is, that Mr. Lacy says in his *Preface*, that his Mouth was not opened till the twelfth Day of *June*, and yet I can prove that he had an *Extasie*, and spoke by *Inspiration* upon the 4th Day of *June*, which by some Authors, would be call'd, giving himself the Lie, but I will only say, he committed a Mistake.

Tho' Mr. Lacy says, that under *the Operation of the Spirit*, he knows not what he is to say or do, *till directed by the Spirit*; yet in the midst of his *Fit*, he took care to prevent his *Peruke* from being trampled on and spoil'd, tho' the Spirit said nothing on that Subject; which is a plain Contradiction.

That Sir Richard Bulkeley said, *that the Spirit had forbid Disputing* with our Divines, which Mr. Lacy denied. Here are two Spirits at *Pro* and *Con* about the same thing, and yet don't deal so fairly and freely with us, as to tell which Spirit ought to be believ'd, the *Knight's*, or the *Gentleman's*? or neither of them, till they are better agreed among themselves?

And since they talk so much of their *Extraordinary Calling*, and the *Necessity of it*, I will conclude my Observations on my Friend's *Letter*, with asking them this modest Question, *viz.* That since the *Revealed Will of God*, speaking in the Holy Scripture, is sufficient to make Men wise unto *Salvation*; what Necessity is there of *Prophesying*, or in Opposition to a standing *infallible Rule*, of seeking to be wiser than those holy Books are able to make us. And when they have answered this Question, without rendering the *Word of God* insignificant and useless; in Complaisance to them, I will also learn the Arts of *Sighing*, *Sobbing*, *Groaning*, *Hiccuping*, *Grimacing*, *Gulping*, and the other admirable Qualifications, in order to be installed in the Society of *Enthusiastick Impostors*.

An Abstract of a Letter from Sir Richard Bulkeley, relating to the Meeting above-mentioned; directed to J. C---ne, Esq; dated July 3d, 1707.

S I R,

‘**W**Hatever your Sentiments might have been, at parting from us Yesterday, I desire to leave this with you, that Mr. *Lacy*, who for many Years past, has lived in and about *London*, and has always kept a fair Reputarion for Sobriety and Piety; does affirm, that when he was at School, he never learn’d higher than *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the *Greek Grammar*; and for 26 Years last past, he never read a *Latin Book*, and hopes he may be believ’d in this Affirmation, which he is ready to make in the most solemn manner; and yet this Gentleman, in a late Extasie, just before his Mouth opened, had an inward Hint to this Purpose, viz. *My Child, thou shalt now speak Latin*, and in that Instant, with such Agitations as are usual, out comes an *Inspiration*, or whatever you will please to call it; Long, and in very good *Latin*, and which now he is not able to construe, and in which there are Words, that I believe he never heard till out of his own Mouth, I am sure I never did. I read it to Mr. *Y--te*, who as warm as he was upon Mr. *Lacy* last Night, was so astonish’d at it, that he knew not what to say. Perhaps you will have some *Greek* soon. But no Convictions can be wrought in some Persons. The *Pharisees* believ’d, that the raising of *Lazarus*, was but a Plot between him and our Saviour: And when the *Gift of healing comes*, it will be so interpreted also by some, who fight against all the sensible Demonstrations of God’s Goodness to ’em. I have known Mr. *Lacy* for above 16 Years last past, and was so far from taking him to be Learned, that I have often blamed him for publishing *English* uncorrectly; which he being unconcern’d at, made me have very indifferent Thoughts of his Capacity, or Inclination to Learning, or Politeness. We are the Ser-

vants

‘vants of the God of Truth, and would not lie for God.
 ‘However, if Men will not believe us, we have the
 ‘Testimony of our Consciences, to approve to us our
 ‘Sincerity. But God will not give other Testimonies
 ‘in this Matter. I am, Sir, your very humble Ser-
 ‘vant,

Richard Bulkeley.

‘P. S. Since the writing this Letter, I have been
 ‘present, and have taken in Writing two Inspirations
 ‘more in *Latin*. You will see in three or four Days his
 ‘Inspirations in Print, about 28 in *English*, and 2 in
 ‘*Latin*. For want of time to write more largely, I have
 ‘sent Copies of this Letter to several Friends.

That Mr. *Lacy* has deserv'd the Character that Sir
Richard Bulkeley gives him in this Letter, I am so far
 from denying, that I heartily wish it had continued ;
 but since he seems to give Cause to doubt or dispute it,
 I think the Vulgar are not to be trusted with the Fail-
 ings of so great a Man, that having sometime lived Re-
 ligiously, is now departed from the Truth, and his Ex-
 ample may become a Snare to others. His speaking in
 Latin, which neither he nor his Auditors understood, is
 no Truth of his being an inspired Prophet ; for the holy
 Spirit does not use to employ his Servants in needless
 useless Triflings. His other Actions since he has associ-
 ated with those *scrub French Men*, as he is pleas'd to call
 them, will destroy all Pretences to Sobriety and Pi-
 ety, as you will hear anon. Sir *Richard* speaking in the
 Plural Number, says, we are the Servants of the God
 of Truth, and would not lie for God ; but what reason
 have Men to believe his say so ; when before so many
 Witnesses as the Meeting on *July* the second ; he said,
the Spirit had forbid the Prophets to dispute with our
Ministers ; for which, being corrected by Mr *Lacy*, he
 stood mute, and confess'd his Mistake by his Silence. I
 could say much more about his defending these Men, and
 espousing their Principles at the last Meeting ; but Sir
Richard

Richard having sent a Copy of this Letter to *Mr. H---t*, a Citizen of known Ingenuity and Reputation, he has made so full an Answer to it, as spares me any further Trouble, than in presenting you with the following Letter.

Mr. H---t's Letter to Sir Richard Bulkeley, dated
July 7. 1707.

SIR,

‘ **T**Here being in the *Post-Boy* of the 5th instant, mention made of the *Meeting* of your self and others, with an untrue Representation of what then passed, and an undue Reflection thereupon; we are endeavouring to find out the *Authors* thereof, with an intent to rectifie the Mistake; there being no such Absurdities utter'd that we remember, nor any such Conclusions made as we know of; and by the mention made afterwards of a Letter from *Geneva*, it is believed that it must come from some of the Nation; and I and *Mr. H---es* having heard a *Frenchman* say the Night before, that one lately come from *Montpelier*, declar'd to that Effect concerning *Cavalier*, it confirms us in that Opinion, is true.

‘ There was a Gentleman that seem'd (to us generally) to speak his Opinion too undecently and harshly thereabout; but we cannot think he would cause such an *Advertisement* to be inserted. The worst I suppose he did or could say, concerning your self and *Mr. Lacy*, being, that he supposed you were under a *Delusion*, and suspected that the *French* might be in indigent Circumstances, and be tempted thereby to do what they did, and which appear'd to others to be said upon too short an Observation. But we generally thought, there was too little said to excuse or vindicate the positive and limited Predictions of what was to befall this City, whereof nothing came to pass in the fix'd time, that we had seen or heard of; and therefore we that are your *Friends*, cannot but think we are excus'd from laying any Stress upon your future,

' ture Predictions, till we see further Reason to give
 ' them credit. And truly, Sir, I cannot but think what
 ' was said about *expecting the Gift*, by Mr. Lacy to Mr.
 ' Y---es and others, seem'd inconsistent with what he
 ' said at the Meeting on that Subject; and his not an-
 ' swering Mr. Y---es, when he over and over ask'd,
 ' whether no body there remembred any thing told
 ' them about the *Qu.* considering what was said after-
 ' ward, was certainly a great Fault, and tended to *shock*
 ' all that were present,

' What was said or deliver'd in writing, as to my
 ' Lord Chief Justice's granting a *Noli Prosequi*, seems to
 ' us (as we have heard it) a plain Contradiction, and
 ' that he was not sent by a *Divine Spirit*, it being not in
 ' the Power of my Lord Chief Justice to grant it, but is
 ' the Office of the Attorney General upon the Queen's
 ' Order. And Mr. Lacy's telling Mrs. Willet, that he was
 ' sent to her by that Spirit, *to bid her be gone*, was look'd
 ' upon as too *trivial* a Matter for *Inspiration*, since by
 ' his own Authority he might have certainly sent her
 ' away.

' What was said to the Ministers about curtailing the
 ' Kingdom of Christ, unless it had been explained,
 ' seem'd, justly censured, as uncertain Sounds: And
 ' upon the whole Matter, I cannot but think, that
 ' whensoever God thinks fit to inspire any with his holy
 ' Spirit to deliver his Mind, it will be in plain and in-
 ' telligible Truths, that are practicable and consonant
 ' to the Holy Scriptures: Or if to foretel *Events*, he
 ' will not err in the *beginning*, to discourage our Belief
 ' of *greater*, which we are told shall come to pass in few
 ' Months or Years.

' I beseech you therefore, Sir, to consider impartially
 ' what is past; and when these things are ingeniously
 ' owned, and answer'd as they ought to be, there are
 ' many sincere Christians, that will be ready to close
 ' with what is reasonable for them to believe *comes from*
 ' God. In the mean time, I must own that I cannot
 ' but fear that you are under a *Spirit of Delusion*, and
 ' pray

' pray that God will deliver you from it; or if it be o-
 ' therwise, that he would effectually convince all Man-
 ' kind thereof, that sincerely desire to be enlightened,
 ' assisted and quickned by that holy Spirit of his, which
 ' he hath promised for those and other gracious Ends,
 ' to all that sincerely desire it, as doth your faithful
 ' Friend and Servant,

H-----t

' P. S. Mr. T---es has not alter'd his Mind, upon the
 ' uttering of *Latin*. Mr. K---b had more to say to lessen
 ' the Credit of the supposed *Inspirations* being from the
 ' Spirit of God. Mr. W---k also was scandalized at
 ' Mr. Lacy's *Whistling*, when under his *Extatick* Mo-
 ' tions, and saying it was a Sign of the Spirits designed
 ' Favour to him, or to that Effect, whereas it had a con-
 ' trary Effect on him, as lessening his Esteem of Lacy,
 ' &c. And truly, Sir, by all I have heard or seen put
 ' together, I can see no Cause to believe it to be the
 ' Spirit of God, that inspires them to speak; and where-
 ' as before, I had such an Opinion of your self and Mr.
 ' Lacy, that I thought I should be very much determind
 ' to favovrable Thoughts thereof, as supposing you both
 ' to be Men of sincere Religion, and such Competency
 ' of Judgment, that God would not suffer you to be
 ' misled; but now I cannot choose but fear, but it's
 ' some sort of *Delusion*, from which I hope and pray
 ' that God will deliver you, &c. The *Seven Days Fast*
 ' proposed, but not observed, is another convictive In-
 ' stance, that there is much Falshood and Deceit reigning
 ' among you.

The last Meeting I thought fit to mention, on Mr.
 Lacy's part, was inveighing against the *Clergy*, for not
 proclaiming the Kingdom of God *a la Mode de France*,
 and therefore as his Spirit tells us, there was a necessity
 for doing it himself after that Pattern, and now I would
 desire you to observe with what Decorum he performs
 it.

My

My Glory is my chief end. For it is absolutely necessary that you search this Matter. He whistles. What a goodly Tale is that magnificent Description, that I have given in the Scriptures, of this triumphing State of my Church on Earth. Your common Dress must serve to come to me. I know what is right, from Linsey Wolsey Stuff, Pride and Hypocrisie.

I cannot but say Mr. Lacy is a great Proficient in the Art of Imitation, in order to catch *Dotterels*, and let him have the Glory of being *Nokes* in the Farce; for certainly no *Mimick* in the *Cevennes* durst ever reach him in mocking God, ridiculing the Holy Scriptures, and treating the triumphant Estate of the Church in such contemptible *Linsey Words*, as if he was writing a *Ballad*, and thought it no Crime to sport with holy things; nay, lest his odd Words should not sufficiently affront the *Deity*, and disparage his *Holy Word*, he thought to whistle four several times, while he was delivering this *Tale of a Tub*. A very Ungentleman-like Exercile, and fitter for a common *Carter*, than *John Lacy*, Esquire. I am assur'd that his Spirit (as you will also hear anon) has enjoin'd him to address for one of the greatest† Employments in the State, but if his *Delirium* continues, he will be more fit for a *Couch* in *Bedlam*, than a *Chair* among illustrious *Statesmen*. But that which methinks should make him tremble, is his fathering all his contemptible Trash upon the holy and blessed Spirit of God. To shut up this Paragraph; from the mean Office of a *Carter*, he mounts into that of a *Trumpeter*, puts his Hand to his Mouth, as if he held a *Trumpet*, though the Noise he made more resembled that of a *Sow-gelder*, with other such ridiculous Postures and Actions, as would make a sober Man blush, and be asham'd to think on.

You may please to remember, that Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, in his Letter of *July* the third, makes a great Po-ther about Mr. Lacy's speaking *Latin*, that understands

† A Privy Counsellor.

none, and to make it look more miraculously, says, ere long we should have some Greek too; so well that learned Knight understood the Spirit's Mind beforehand, and now, out it comes. *

∴ Ω ἄνθρωποι ἐκ τῆς Οὐρανῶ (ἐρχέσθαι) ἄνθρωποι ὁ βασι-
λεὺς Ἰησοῦς.

* *Responde mihi Terra Voces Cælestium reduplica. Absit Tristitia; Triumphos non decet.*

† *Hospes benevolens (Ε) adventissimus! Oh! Oh! Oh! Aurora suavissima Resurrectionis.*

One would be tempted to think that knows no better, that Mr. Lacy has been educated at the Academy in *Drury-lane*; for this holy Inspiration looks so like a *Comedy*, that *Hains* himself could not have done any thing more like a *Play-Wright*, or acted the *Farce* more to the Life. Read the whole, you Gentlemen that understand these two Languages, and then if you are not wholly of my Opinion, I shall submit to any *Penance* you shall please to inflict; especially if to this, you add his fanciful *Gesticulations* and blustering *Representations* he employs in the following Inspiration in *French*. Sometimes elevating, otherwhiles sinking his Voice, like a *Drummer* beating a March, acting the *Morrice Dancer* with his Feet, while he is ranging an Army of *Horse* and *Foot* in *Batalia*, to combat the *Usurpation* of the Devil and all his *Accomplices*, and at last having thrown him into the *Bottomless Pit*, and made a pleasant Garden for the Accommodation of his Friends, he falls a *hissing, smiling, and capering* for Joy. I follow'd him a Step or two further to another Meeting, * where his Spirit tells him, *the Harvest is at Hand, and that the Chaff, Straw, and all Refuse shall be purged away*: You would have seen him act the *Thresher* for above 20 Strokes together, with as great exactitude as if he had been born one: And are

1 Warning July 7. p. 74. ∴ *Cæstant Hymnum chorus Cælestis.* * *Rex Jesus loquitur.* † *Responsio Terræ, cantu expressa,* * July 8. p. 17.

not

not all these wonderful and convincing Demonstrations of the truth of his *Mission* as a Prophet? This is one of their strongest Arguments to prove it; that none can do such *Feats* as they do in their Inspirations; and I believe Mr. *Facio* can't coin a better for them.

Now, that all Men might retain a good Opinion of Mr. *Lacy*, and the rest of his prophetic *Clan*, his Spirit told him in a private House in *Southwark* **that he should have a Power to bless every House that shall receive him kindly. This House shall receive the Tokens of my Favour, and they shall be sensible in a little time what that is. Be patient my Child, for a very little time. Thou must turn by Land. Thou art dogg'd. And another Snare is laid for thee. But thou shalt escape. Thou shalt not return home till eight a Clock.*

How artificially does Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit insinuate to his Auditors, to entertain that Gentleman *kindly*, and indeed who dares refuse to treat him with the choicest *Viands* and *Liquors*, unless they will run the Hazard of being *Unbless'd*; for his Commission to bless, extends only to them that *receive him kindly*, and the rest must shift as they can, till they are better instructed in the Rules of *Civility* towards so great a Prophet. The Household where he was, was soon bribed with the promise of the *Tokens of the Spirit's Favour*; and what is more obliging, they should in a little time *be sensible what that Favour was too*, for you know, to receive a Favour, and not be sensible what it is, one had as good be without it. The Spirit having thus bespoke a *Treat*, Mr. *Lacy* is oblig'd to wait with Patience till it was ready. In the mean time he entertain'd his Spectators with lolling and rolling from side to side in Chair, heaving and working in his Stomach, shaking his Head. and lifting up his Hands, like one ready to give up the Ghost till eight a Clock. The Spirit's Hour being come, and he secure of escaping no Body that dogg'd him, after he had bestow'd about half a Score Blessings, he went home in very good

* July 9. p. 81.

Health; for though they are sick, grievously manl'd and beaten, or dye, when they are in their *Extasies*, they feel nothing of it, (if you can believe them) when they return to their *Natural State*, though it be but a Minute after.

A Letter from Mr. W. C. dated July 22. 1707.

S I R,

AT a Meeting at Sir *Richard Bulkeley's* Chamber in great *Russel-street*, where were present Mr. *Lacy*, Mr. *Allut*, Mrs. *Allut*, Mr. *Facio*, Mr. *Marion*, Mr. *Cavalier*, and almost the whole Room full of other People; *Betty Grey*, under violent Agitations, performed the great *Whore* of *Antichrist*. Took all the Chairs in the Room, and barricadoed the Door, that no body might come in or go out. This done, she laid aside her *Manteau* and *Night-clothes*, tyed up her *Hair* before all the Company, with singular Modesty; then taking a *Peruke* and *Hat* that she found in the Room, put them on her Head, and sat down in an Elbow Chair very Majestically, with her Arms a *Kembo*: After this she rose out of the Chair, and for about an Hour together, *thump'd* and *beat* with her *Fist* every one in the Room in their Turns, except Mr. *Lacy*; Sir *Richard Bulkeley* hid himself a while in a Corner of the Room, in hopes to avoid the Effects of her Fury, but she finding him out, laid upon him unmercifully, without any regard to his diminutive, infirm *Corps* or his *Quality*, insomuch that he found himself oblig'd to make his escape over the Bed, to shelter himself from the hard Blows of this *Termagant Whore* of *Antichrist*; who, as soon as the Skirmish was over, sat down again in the Elbow Chair, and being still in an *Extasy*, open'd her Mouth, and fell a Ranting at a rate agreeable to her own Character, and the *Whore* she represented.

"Then Mr. *Allut* falling into Agitations, and being commanded by his Spirit to combat this Female Fury,

F

'cries

cries out, *es tu la Grande Bête, la Putain de Babylon ?*
Art thou the grand Beast the Whore of Babylon ? Then
 rose up, pull'd her down upon the Floor, stamp'd up-
 on her, kick'd her about as if she had been a dead Car,
 and walking in *Triumph* on her Body, stood upon her
 Breast till she appear'd Lifeless. Then to try whether
 she was living or dead, Mr. *Allut* alternately lifted
 up her Legs and Arms, which fell down again upon
 the Floor, like the Limbs of a dead Body.

Immediately after she rose up, spoke, and gave
 Thanks that *Antichrist* and the *Whore of Babylon*
 were overcome; upon which, both their *Inspirations*
 ceas'd, and both the *Actors* declar'd that they had no
 Sense or Remembrance of what had pass'd in this Ren-
 counter; though they made such a horrid Noise in
 the House, that Sir *Richard's* Landlady gave him
 Warning to be gone.

Of this whole *Scuffle*, Sir, I was an Eye-witness,
 and in no small Pain, when I received my Share of
 the Blows, which the *Whore of Babylon* with a liberal
Fist bestowed upon me.

Betty Grey also acted this *Tragi-Comedy* at another
 time, at Mr. *Facio's* Chamber, over against the *Rose*
Tavern in *Covent-Garden*, in all its Circumstances, ex-
 cept *Barricadoing* up the Door with Chairs.

July 22. 1707.

W. C.

To conclude his first Volume of Prophetical Warn-
 ings, Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit tells him there are six sorts of
 Persons that criticize upon the Words of these pretend-
 ed Prophets, of which I shall only give you the Heads
 as they follow in Mr. *Lacy's* own Words.

* 1. *Whence have these Men the Confidence ? Say some,*
a cunning piece of Roguery well contriv'd. 2. *We must not*
own any Divine Authority, for that pulls us up by the
Roots at once. 3. *Better cut their Throats, than let these*
things go on thus. 4. *An open Design to blow up the Church.*

† Warning, July 14. p. 100, 101.

5. *A meer Contrivance of Phanaticks. Well, many will say, we think it a very fit matter for a Day of Humiliation.*

6. *As for the open debauch'd and wholly profane, they say you are mad all. We need a Hundred Bedlams. The Politicks will be much at a loss. In short, I'll have them so: I'll teach them something of Debate about my Honour. Without consulting ever at all with Wisdom! But before they are gone far in their criticizing, they'll have another Bone to pick. The Papists, they'll laugh all at this. Thou shalt my Child, turn thy Face towards them, and in a little time give them their Doom. It suffices for the present to publish.*

When I began to read these Objections, I was big with Expectations of knowing what Answer the Spirit would condescend to give them; but since I see Mr. Lacy has rail'd a Devil he cannot lay, and that his Spirit cannot answer its own Reflections upon the Prophets and their Conduct; I shall follow his Example of Silence, and leave the Reader to judge whether ever Mr. Lacy spoke greater Truth in their own Affair, than what he has divulg'd in the foregoing Paragraph, under the supposititious Colour of other Mens Criticizings, and thought fit to publish but cannot answer.

And this brings me to his second Volume; where having Matter enough to discourse about his Blessings, performing Miracles, and other as wonderful Occurrences, than either my Time or scantling of Paper will allow. I must be very brief in the rest of his *Warnings*. I begin with his Blessings.

*An Answer to the Second Part of Mr. Lacy's
Prophetical Warnings.*

WHich I shall begin with a Letter from a Friend, who has been long a very curious and exact Observer of their Words and Actions,

SIR,

IN Compliance with your Demands and my own Promise, I am obliged to acquaint you, that tho' these pretended Prophets would fain pass in the World's Esteem for a very humble and sincere sort of People, yet they are as directly contrary as Light to Darkness: Witness the various Arts they use to beg their own Worship; in making poor deluded People come Cap in Hand, and upon their Knees, to crave their Blessings: In which they are so wickedly presumptuous and blasphemous, that one of them told me; *if a Man's Sins were as numerous as the Stars of Heaven, the Minute he receives their Blessing, they are all forgiven*: Which has so prevail'd upon the unthinking giddy Multitude, that I have seen above Fifty Persons blessed (as they call it) at one time. One of them I remember was an *Old She Sinner*, who receiv'd a Blessing from Mr. Cavalier, on her Knees very devoutly, with her Head in his C---dpiece, and her right Arm about his Loins.

Nay sometimes they use Severity, and force People to receive their Benedictions, as it happen'd the first time of my being among them: A Boy was soundly *bang'd* for refusing to be bless'd, and still persisting in that Resolution, they laid Hands on him, and forc'd him to come before M. Marion, and held him by Violence till he had done the Office.

Nor was this a Chance, when the Spirit was in an angry Mood, but 'tis their premeditated Practice, of which Mr. Lacy himself is an instance, whose own

Son

‘ Son refusing to accept a Blessing, he was so enraged
 ‘ at him, for being so *unlucky* a Precedent to others, that
 ‘ he knock’d his Son’s Head against the *Wainscot*, and
 ‘ struck him so severely upon the Mouth with his *Fist*,
 ‘ that he beat out one of his Teeth, and made his
 ‘ Head and Face swell in an extraordinary manner.
 ‘ The same pretended Prophet, as I am credibly in-
 ‘ form’d, threatned to beat a Fellow’s Brains out for
 ‘ refusing to answer him a Question; but this last I dont
 ‘ aver upon my own Knowledge. I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant. S. L.

* Mr. Lacy said by Inspiration. *What no Eye had yet
 seen on Earth, every one shall:* And I think he could
 not produce a greater Rarity than themselves; for
 though we had some among us that were called *Phana-*
ticks, none ever so truly deserved that Appellation as
 they do, who govern themselves by vain *Visions* and
Inspirations, as will appear in what follows. Mr. Lacy
 was proceeding further in his *Inspiration*, but was in-
 terrupted by Betty Grey’s being in a *Vision*, who falling
 upon her Knees with her Hands lifted up, and her
 Eyes fix’d upward, with Tears running down her Face,
 said, *My Child, it is not you alone that shall see these*
Sights, but I will open the Eyes of your two Brethren † in
a short time. Then Mr. Lacy spoke again, saying, *you*
are to sing my Triumphs, and not pray for your Ene-
mies: But Betty Grey being still under Agitations, said,
My Child, I have a Blessing in store for you, go your way
and receive it; upon which, being still under Agita-
 tions, she went and kneeled before Mr. Lacy, who lay-
 ing his Hand on her Head, and under an Inspiration,
 said, *Thou art a Morning Star, thy Brightness shall shine*
throughout this Land. Thy Enemies do seek to fix Slanders;
that’s the way they would stop the Sound of my Childrens
Voice. It seems Mr. Lacy had heard how People ta’k’d

* *Warning.* July 28, p. 5, 6, 7. † Mr. Lacy and Sir
 Richard Bulkeley.

of their over great Familiarity, and says this by way of Prevention: And then after blessing 32 several Persons, broke up the Meeting.

Mr *Lacy*, *Betty Grey*, and two other Persons, meeting at a certain appointed Place, Mr. *Lacy* bless'd *Betty* again in these Words, **The Sun shall not eclipse thy Brightness, O thou Morning Star. Thou shalt work Miracles in this City. Thou shalt heal the Sick. Thou shalt speak Languages. Thy Name shall be changed. I will secure thee from the many hard Slanders contriving. Thy Name † shall be called Sarai. Thou shalt shine as the Moon; a Moon which the Sun does not confound in her Light. What is mine to give I will give thee. Many shall call thee Blessed.* You see how mightily Mr. *Lacy* is enamour'd with his new Sister; I wish it redounds to his Reputation, in the winding up of the Story; but all this is nothing to what you will have by and by.

At this Meeting, *Betty Grey*, in an Extasie, took Mr. *Facio* by the Hand, and led him to Mr. *Lacy*, where kneeling, Mr. *Lacy* blessed him in these Words; **In the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I pronounce thee his selected Servant. Thy Sins are forgiven. I will write a new Name upon thee, thou shalt be a Patriarch Isaac. Thou shalt receive ere long what thou hast waited for. I will give thee Eloquence charming: Languages and the Gift of Healing. Thou shalt inherit the Promises made to Abraham.* Here is more than ordinary Formality in blessing Mr. *Facio*, with Promise annex't, of receiving what he had long waited for, which I have reason to believe was to be Bag-bearer to the Society, and then I question not but he'll make a Penny of them.

The same day Mr. *Lacy*, under Inspiration, embraced *Betty Grey*, saying, † *Everlasting Espousals between me and my Beloved. Oh I rejoice to have found thee. I will set thee in my Throne. I will rejoice over thee from day to day, for ever. I will kiss thee with the Kisses of my Mouth, my well Beloved. These Arms shall embrace thee. The Lilly*

* *Warning July 22. p. 21.* † *pag. 22.* * *Warning July 2. p. 24.* † *pag. 28.* of

of the Vallies, the Rose of Sharon, all the Rubies, all precious Stones cannot compare with thy Lustre. I shall rejoice always to familiarize my self with my People. And as I delight my Self over thee, so shall thy panting Heart always breath and rise with Tendernefs, and express it self with Transport, to discern Value and Delight in my sweet Embraces and Visits, various, various, every Day.

What vile lewd Work, would some wanton Wits make with this smutty Paragraph, that know Betty Grey and her Character, which out of mere Respect to Mr. Lacy, as a Gentleman, I shall leave as I found it.

* Now Sir Richard Bulkely comes in for his Share in the Dividend of Blessings ; who being presented to Mr. Lacy, by Betty Grey,, Mistress of the Ceremonies in Ordinary, he lays his Hands upon the Knight, saying, I have called thee to extraordinary Service. Few Noble, among Men shall be so distinguish'd. No Dishonour, no Shame, it would become Kings. I adopt thee to a nearer Alliance with me. What need I tell thee of the Crown that awaits thee in Heaven ? There, there is one on Earth for thee. The Virtues of Jonathan, without his Fate, shall attend thee. Bear, bear a Princely Mind. I will certainly give thee the Power of Healing. Thy Power in that kind shall be particular.

'Tis very well known, that this Learned Knight, besides a great deal of pains, and suffering the Insolence of the Mobb in Words and Blows, has been at some Cost too in supporting the French Scrub Prophets ; but having all these wonderful and magnificent Additions, of being a King, in a nearer Alliance with Mr. Lacy, Betty Grey, Mr. Facio, Mrs. Allut and Pudding-Pye Moll ; 'tis supposed he will bear a Princely Mind, and not grudge the Expence.

The same day, and at the same Meeting, † Pudding-Pye Moll also came in for her snack of Blessings ; upon which, Mr. Lacy under Inspiration, excites his People

* Warning July 24. pag. 31.

† pag. 33.

to tune their Hearts to Praise, saying, every addition of a Member, ought to be celebrated with a Song and a Chant Spiritual: Upon which she sung several Notes, and sometimes Mr. Lacy sung a part with her. Then Mr. Lacy bid her be of good Courage. Said she should have another Name also, when her publick Office begins, as an open acknowledgment of the glorious Benefits conferred upon her by the Visitation Extraordinary: And then adds; go in Peace. Thou art blessed indeed.

‘ A Gentleman reading the Inspiration above, said, ‘ certainly Pudding-Pye Moll is not near so handsome as ‘ Betty Grey, or Mr. Lacy’s stock of fine Things was quite ‘ exhausted; for there was no shining Suns, or bright ‘ Moons, or Lillies, Roses, Jewels, or Precious Stones ‘ to bestow upon her; but the poor Devil was pack’d ‘ off, with a plain Blessing, without either Welt or Guard ‘ about it.

Now give me leave to shew you what Pains Mr. Lacy took, turning every Stone to make himself, after so often being baffled, to appear a true Prophet. About this time * People were in great Expectation of *Thoulon* being taken; and then Mr. Lacy under Inspiration, said, that *What God said he would do, ’tis done, How, how, how, there’s the Tower Guns will roar in a few days, before this Day Seven Night*; but when News came that the Siege was raised, he quite turn’d his Tale, and that in such a subtle turn of Thought, that I defy any Jesuit in *Christendom*, to have form’d a nicer Equivocation, *The Tower Guns*, says he, † *are the Tormenta’e Turre atherena, with which I have declared this City shall be batter’d.* And quotes page 39 in the Margine.

In the next place Mr. Lacy’s Spirit falls bloodily upon the French King, calls him † *Lewis the Blasphemer, Poltroon, Wretch, Weak Worm, Butcher, &c.* and threatens him with very terrible Judgments; and is a little too scurrilous in detracting from the Duke of *Marborough* and Prince *Eugene*, saying *’Tis not them that shall*

* *Jtly 26, p. 39.*

† *pag. 41, 42,*

make the French King tremble: for, if he means a Superior Power, yet the Instruments in God's hand ought to be treated with Honour and Respect, according to their Merits and Qualities; but ever since Mr. Lacy has bid adieu to the Gentleman to commence Prophet, it has so sowed his Temper, that he takes delight in nothing but Detraction and Defamation. And having said this, I will leave our *Pseudo Prophet* to pursue his Journey into the Country, with his other six Companions, by the Direction of the Spirit; while I accommodate my Readers with a Letter from a Gentleman, that gives an impartial Relation of several of their Transactions, and resolves some Doubts, necessary to be known to compleat their History.

S I R,

AS to what you desire to know about the Shape, Colour and Bigness of the Angels that Betty Grey saw in her Vision; she told me they were glorious above Expression; some of 'em appeared like Men, others like Women glistening like Gold, and that was all the Account she could give. The particular Circumstances of Mr. Lacy's embracing Betty Grey in Bed, I cannot yet procure, and think it needless, since the Relation that Mr. Lacy himself has given you, in his last Book, pag. 28, 29. is enough to create a Belief of their Unc chastity; to which I will only add, that the Spirit did certainly order them to Kiss and Embrace, and call one another Brother and Sister, when they went their first Journey into the Country; and that their Familiarity made Mrs. Cavalier very jealous, who told Betty Grey, that it lookt immodestly in her to be so often in private with Mr. Lacy, and absent herself from their Company. You also desired Information where they had Money to support themselves? I have heard it whisper'd, that Mr. Pario has 1500l a year, and sacrifices it to the use of the Inspired, and that now they thought he was as poor as themselves. 'Tis generally believed that Mr. Whitrow, Mr. Dutton, and Mr. Cuff, who were sometime Philadelphians, do maintain the French Prophets at their own Houses in Hatton-Garden, and lately gave 30l. among them to buy Cloths and other Necessaries; but I am perswaded that Mr. Facio carries the Bag. I have heard also, that when any of the Inspired lost their Friends or Trade by adhering to their Party,

they

they have had five or ten pounds sent them from unknown hands. I know that Betty Grey is allow'd six shillings a week in Money, besides other things; and that all the rest that want it have handsome Allowances, for they all live toppingly.

Yours. S. L.

*The Siege of Thoulon being rais'd, and no Tower Guns fired, and Mr. Lacy in vain endeavouring to salve his Reputation as a Prophet, by a gross Jesuitical Equivocation, he now pretended to work Miracles and cure Diseases, to see if he could have any better Luck in that Trade, than in Prophefying, where never any one thing that he foretold ever came to pass. To this end, he pretended to have a *Vision* of fourteen particular things, as the *Sun-Rising*, a *Smoaky Darkness*, a *delicious Prospect*, a *Church Door*, a *Park Pale*, a *Fire and Fog*, &c. which he comments upon in an *Extasie* as ridiculously as the *Vision* was Chimerical; but this was only a *Preludium* to the *Miracle* that was to succeed it, which take in their own Words.

† Mr. Lacy being under *Extasie*, and standing upright in the corner of the Chamber, with his Heels, Calves of his Legs and Knees close touching one another, his hands also thrust athwart into his Bosom, was carried in this Posture straight forward to the other side of the room, being the space of ten or eleven foot. He was moved sliding. His Motion lasted four Seconds of time, and made the Chamber shake. This was seen at first by Mr. Allut and his Wife, and Eliz. Grey. And was again seen a second time by the same Persons and Mr. Facio. That second Motion was somewhat different from the former. Mr. Lacy did declare, he had no Forethought at all of this, nor did in the least any ways act in it, but was only passive.

This, by all the Prophets and Prophetesses that were present, was call'd a *Miracle*, and we may know that Mr. Facio was concerned in it, by his nice Computation of the Time; *Exactly four Seconds!* Now, if Sixty Minutes make an Hour, and Sixty Seconds make but one Minute, Mr. Facio's Calculation was to no Purpose in

21* Warning July 30: p, 63, 64, 65. † P. 64, 65.

the

the World, unless it was to possess the Readers with an Opinion, that the time was so short, that a Wink or two with their Eyes, would render his Motion imperceptible. But let that be as it will, I would desire Mr. *Facio* to resolve me ; if it was a *Miracle*, to what Purpose was it done ? or does Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit delight to play the Game call'd, *Labour in Vain*. It could not be to convince the four Persons present, for they believe all he says or does, because he says it ; it could not be to convince others, for there were none present but themselves, and certainly nor Mr. *Facio*, nor Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, who revived it, could be so vain to imagine they could top it upon the reasonable part of Mankind ; since they are all agreed, that the whole Gang of *Prophets* and their *Abettors*, are under a strong *Delusion*, or engaged in a *Confederacy* to Deceive ; and therefore must give other *Testimonies*, than their *Declarations*, and *Asservations* will amount to no more, than ask my Fellow if I am an *Impostor* ?

However, *Betty Gray*, being under *Agitation*, and resolving not to be behind-hand with him in Courtship, lays her Hands upon his Head, * claps his Hands together, handled his Ears, stroak'd his Forehead, laid her Thumbs upon his Eyes, and her Hands upon his Calves of his Legs, and when she touch'd the several Parts, utter'd her Blessings: My Child, this is but the beginning of Miracles. These Hands shall make the Blind see, and the Lame walk. Thou shalt have new Ears very shortly, and new Eyes to my Glory. My Child, I will make thy Legs walk on the Water as on dry Land. Yes, these Legs shall do it with the Power I'll put into them. I will make you King, known before all Nations, &c. Thou hast been Faithful, and shalt be rewarded for it very shortly. Go in Peace.

See how they claw and flatter one another with airy Insignificant Titles ; Mr. *Lacy* makes Sir *Richard Bulkeley* a King, and *Betty Gray* adopts Mr. *Lacy* a King.

'Tis well they live under a merciful Reign, for a *Linen Draper* at the Sign of the *Crown* in *Cheafide*, was executed as a *Traitor*, for Words less treasonable than these are; but *Betty Gray* must follow the Example of her dearly Beloved Brother, even to speaking Nonsense; for Mr. *Lacy* saying he stood upon his own *Legs*, *Betty* writes after his Copy, and says, she would make his *Legs* walk on the Water as on dry Land, which indeed is something miraculous, because other *uninspired* People stand and walk upon their *Feet*, and not upon their *Legs*.

Mr. *Lacy* finding himself succeed so happily in his last *Slur* upon his infatuated and credulous Brothers and Sisters, *Visions* began to multiply upon him, and to shew his Spite at the City of *London*, he very often sees it in *Flames*. Then in his *Latin* Inspirations, † he presents a *Dagger* to his Breast, and acts the *Lunatick* in Perfection; and afterwards the Sick * Man, and weeps lamentably over the City of *London*. Then threatens it as fast with terrible Judgments; beats a *March* with his Mouth, as if Besiegers were entering it, and puts his Arm and Hand into Posture of Scourging it, and certainly some dismal Accident had happen'd, if † *Betty Gray*, after Supper, and going to Bed-ward, had not been seized with a Numness in all her Joints, which took away the Use of her Limbs, till Mr. *Lacy* falling into an *Extasie*, laid his Left Hand upon her Arms that lay cross her Breast, and afterwards his Left Hand upon her Neck, which perfectly restor'd all her Limbs to their former Vigour, and pass'd with them for an evident Demonstration of his having the Gift of Healing, which was all Trick, Cheat and Confederacy, for she is not only able to counterfeit Numness and Lameness, but even *Death* itself, as I shall convince you very soon.

Now *Betty Gray*, having been seiz'd with Lameness, less could not be expected, but Mr. *Lacy* should fall Sick, as sympathizing with his dearly beloved Sister's

† Page 80. * p. 81. † p. 89, 90, 91.

Infirmities. Accordingly * the very same Day, Mr. Lacy, under Agitations, laid himself down upon the Bed, where his Agitations abating, but remaining still under the Inspiration, he lay about three Hours in the Condition of a Bed-rid Person, not able to rise, turn himself, or stir upon the Bed; at length his Strength being restor'd, he sat upon the Bed side, and his Spirit told him, he should be restor'd to Health by his own Voice and Touch, and that this should be the Office and Privilege of his Left Hand; but his Right should be the Administrator of other Powers. After this, he was seiz'd with visible Symptoms of Inward Diseases, sometimes with little dry Spittings, faint Sweats, frequent Coughing, all this while Whining and Groaning like a Man sick at Heart; till he call'd for Small Beer, which having drank, he was healed of all the said Symptoms, and smiled cheerfully under the Inspiration; and said, with others, it shall be ordered thee to proceed by different ways. If they drink Water only, at thy Appointment, it shall heal their Distemper. That Physick shall change their Countenance.

After this, and almost in the same Moment, Mr. Lacy was taken with a decrepid Lameness under his Inspiration, was bowed down almost double, and so faint, that he was forced to sit down, and to be refreshed, by smelling to a Bottle of Sal Armoniac. In all which, he was made a Sign of the several Diseases which the Holy Spirit by his Hand should cure.

But, Mr. Allut falling into an Extasie, with violent Agitation and loud Laughter, turn'd it to a Representation of the State of their Enemies, saying, with a loud Voice: *Oui mes Enfants; voici le jour que vous vous rejoüirez, mes Enfants; tandis que vous Ennemis, clocheront de tristesse & d'accablement, des maux, que je m'eri vais leur envoyer.* Yes, my Children, behold the Day wherein you shall Rejoyce, my Children, whilst your Enemies shall be sadly Lame and loaded with Distempers, that I shall inflict upon them.

* Warning Aug. 4: p. 97.

When Allut had done, Mr. Lacy called for and drank some Posset-Drink that was accidentally at hand, and so was instantly cured.

The same Clue of *Diffimulation* and *Deceit*, runs through all the Meanders of their Extasies and Inspirations, so that the smallest Measure of Penetration would easily detect their Counterfeittings, if they might be admitted to their *Privacies*; and therefore they shut their Doors, and transact all their pretended miraculous Cures among and upon themselves, to prevent it, and are only their own Evidences to avouch the Truth of them. Now, if they would deal uprightly with us, and render their pretended *Gift of Healing* unsuspected of palpable Cozenage; why don't they repair to the *Hospitals*, and before the Governours and other reputable Citizens, prove the Certainty of what they pretend to; then they would do something; whereas pretending to cure Diseases upon and among their own interested Crew, and upon no Persons else, will eternally give them their Deserts, the Name of *Impostors*. They complain almost in every Extasie and Inspiration, of the Hardness of Mens Hearts, in not believing them. Why then will they not convince us by what I have proposed? In the *Hospitals* are too many Objects of Pity, and some poor Souls that cannot be relieved by *Art*, which would be proper Work for those that pretend to *Miracles*, and Signalize the Honour of Sir Richard Bulkeley, the Integrity of Mr. Lacy, and the Learning of Mr. Facio, and the rest of the Scribes to publish, when Cures are done there and credibly attested; but, till then, all rational and penetrating Men will be of Opinion, that all these pretended private *Miracle-Mongers*, have more *Cunning* than *Honesty*, and will not bring their Pretensions to the *Test*, because they are in Dread of a Discovery. Well might Mr. Lacy and Mr. Allut laugh in their Turns, to see what Ideots they made of the rest of their Brethren.

Nor can I forbear admiring at the Assurance of these Gentlemen, in imposing such poor paltry Stuff upon this Age

Age for Miracles, when, in all their pretended *Diseases* and *Managements*, I can perceive nothing, but what has long since been far outdone by the Boy of *Bilston*, who was then discovered to be a Cheat by the then Lord Bishop of *Durham*; nor must I omit answering Mr. Lacy's genteel Reprimand, to those that want Proof of his being a true Prophet, and his Power of working Miracles, * in these Words; *Whoever stays for Proof from Heaven by mighty Stroaks, is altogether excuselss: That is a Proof for a Dog.* Let him know that we only want such a Proof from himself, as becomes a Man of his Character, and such as he would expect himself in the like Case, and not from Heaven, which has already declared against him. *To the Law and to the Testimony, if they speak contrary to those Words, there is no Truth in them,*

But now comes one of the topping Miracles, that the whole Fry pretend to boast of as undoubted Matter of *Fact*, though accompanied with all the former Objections, and introduced in so odd and fantastick a Manner, as carries its own Arguments of Suspicion along with it.

† *Betty Gray*, under Inspiration, said among other things. *Yes my Children, I will increase my Graces upon you daily; but my Children, my Graces shall be over-flowing to John Lacy and Elizabeth Gray.* Then rising off her Seat, she laid her Hand upon Mr. Lacy's Head, saying, *Thou my Child art happy above all the rest, that I have made use of to do my blessed Work this Day. This day shall be the beginning of Miracles with you: This Day you shall make the Blind to see: This Day I will begin to shew you, in what manner I will have it done in: Go in Peace.* It is observable, that she did confess, when she heard the Words of *making the Blind to see*, pronounced out of her own Mouth, she had not Faith to believe it would be.

* Page 102. † *Warning*, Aug. 6. p. 110.

About two a Clock the same Day, the six Persons formerly mentioned, being at Dinner together, on a sudden, *Betty Gray* clap'd her Hands upon her Eyes, and said in a great Fright, *God bless me*, and the more she rub'd her Eyes, the blinder she grew, and in two Minutes she found her self quite dark; and so after many Tryals being made, as to her Blindness, Dinner being ended; she was led into another Chamber, where, after she had sat on the Bed side about twenty Minutes, she turned about, kneeled on the Ground and prayed, and soon was in Extasie. And then the Spirit spake by her Mouth these Words: *O now you do believe it, do you?* She continued Praying at the Bed side, seventeen Minutes. Then her Agitations returned again, and she said, *Ay, this is for your Unbelief, Gentlewoman. What if all the World wont believe it, therefore you wont? If I do restore you your Sight again, 'tis more than you deserve.*

Mr. Lacy being seated near her, after eight Minutes more, he was seized with the Spirit, at which she turned and kneeled before him. After four Minutes Agitations, among other things, he said to *Betty Gray*, what art thou? Why dost thou come to me? *She answered,*

O Lord, I come to thee to ask Relief: 'Tis thou only that canst give it. He said,

What is thy Ail? How long hast thou my Child been so? Why dost come before a Man, as unable to give thee Light as any other? *She said,*

I was brought to you to be cured.

He. By whom?

She. By the Good and Holy Spirit.

He. Will thou ascribe and give the Glory of thy Cure to him only?

She. Yes, Lord I will.

He. O then my Sister I open thy Eyes. May that Engagement that we have made this Moment be perform'd. Upon which he stroaked her Eyes three times with his Thumbs, and her Sight was restored. Then *Mr. Lacy* prayed

prayed. Mrs. Allut had an Inspiration, which being ended, Betty Gray was seiz'd with the Spirit, and said,

My Child keep close in your Chamber to Morrow ; I'll bear you Company. My Children fast to Morrow ; I'll feed you with my Graces.

In this miraculous Cure, as they pretend it, I shall first observe, that she confess'd she did not believe that any such thing should happen to her ; and indeed, she had great Reason to suspect the Truth of any thing, that came out of a *Mouth* so accusom'd to Prophaneness and Lying, and attended with a Debauch'd and Wicked Life. 2d, That she gave a Power to him that pretended to perform the Miracle, and so might as well have done it her self. 3d, That time was the beginning of Mr. Lacy's working Miracles, and yet he pretended to have done three before, of all which she was a Witness ; so that all Mr. Lacy's former Miracles were *Sham* and *Counterfeits*, or she is, what she always was, a notorious *Liar* and *Slanderer*. 4th, That there are no other Witnesses than themselves, who all thought her *Blindness* and *Cure* was so liable to Objections, being refuted and turn'd upon themselves, that they were necessitated to engage the Learned Pen of Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, to put it into the best Dress that so foul and gross an *Imposture* would admit of ; whose Reasons for its Credibility, I am oblig'd to consider, before I proceed farther.

And, in Justice to his *Worship*, I must say, he has made a very fine Cover for a foul Dish ; and lacker'd the *Brazen* Story so artfully, that many would be apt to mistake the Mettal it was made of. He has also stated the Question truly, viz. * Whether the Person was really Blind, or whether it was only a Pretence ? For if she was really Blind, there is no room for arguing upon the Question of the Cure ; it being manifest that she now sees like other people. However, I take leave, under his *Worship's* Favour, to say,

* *Prophet W. part 2. p. 194, 195.*

That he stumbles at the *Threshold*, and puts a Falacy upon his Reader, call'd, *A dicto secundum quid, ad dictum simpliciter*, from a Thing being true in a certain Respect, he infers that it is so absolutely; but I utterly deny, that the *Holy Spirit* of God was ever concerned in dictating Mr. Lacy's Preface, to his second Book of *Prophetical Warnings*, and put him to prove it, before I shall grant it.

Next, I acknowledge his *Assumption* is true, that God is always *jealous* of his Honour, but I deny his *Conclusion*; that therefore he would never suffer such an audacious Profanation of it; for he suffered the *Old Prophet* of *Bethel* to deceive and betray the Man of God, that came out of *Judah* to *Jeroboam*: And the *Devil* to be a *Lying Spirit* in the Mouths of several false Prophets. As for the Crime in doing so, they must stand and fall to their own Master, that are guilty of it.

' Sir Richard says very *ingenuously*, that it is no easie Matter to know when a Man or Woman is Blind, though they say they are so, and do positively assert it, *viz.* when the Organs of the Sight are every where fair, so that we must depend upon the Credit and Integrity of the Parents, for the Belief of what they assert; and, if that be true, as unquestionably it is, then Sir Richard has given up the Question; for I think I have enough already, and yet have more to add, to prove her a Girl of an *Infamous Character*, and not to be credited in any thing she says.

To the frequent Experiments that Sir Richard says were made, by playing with their Fingers within a quarter of an Inch of the edge of her Eye-lids, and yet it made no sensible Motion in them: Which Motion, upon the like Tryal, no Persons whatsoever that enjoy their Sight, can prevent. I think are no Proofs at all, because made up of *Negatives*, what she did not, but no Proof of what might reasonably be supposed to cause Blindness. And for the other Tokens Sir Richard is pleased to mention, that the *Iris* was not terminated by a uniform circular Line, but by a
' Line

' Line uneven and undulating, are also nothing to the purpose ; for the cunning Artifices of the *Impostor*, in Favour of Mr. *Lacy*, might deceive the most skilful *Oculist* for so short a time : And, for this Gentleman's farther Conviction, I can show him one of the same Sex, that can keep her *Eye-lids* without Motion, and turn her Eyes into various Figures at her own Pleasure. Besides, that which weighs much with me, is, that since this was done in the Country, in a Room where there were but six Persons present, and they all pretended *Prophets*, *Prophetesses*, or *Abettors* of them, who are as willing to be deceiv'd, as the others are to deceive. I must suspend my Belief of it, and can only express my Sorrow to find Sir *Richard* in so very ill Company.

Now all their Pretences to working *Miracles*, and the Gift of *Healing* being so apparently baffled, they laid their Heads together to regain the Ground they had lost, and produce something that might unquestionably pass for a *Miracle* ; and when they had form'd such a one, the Report of it was published both in Town and Country ; and whereas for some time last past, they had concealed the Places of their *Meetings*, and kept the Door lock'd that none might have Entrance, but whom they knew ; it was now published Abroad by their Emissaries, that a *Miracle* would be wrought on such a Day, in such a Place, where the Door was set open, and the Names taken in Writing of all the Persons that were present, that they might not want Witnesses to send the News of it all over *Great Britain* ; but when the Day of *Trial* came, they were so strangely disappointed, in obtruding their *Cheat* upon the Assembly, that Mr. *Lacy* thought fit to leave it out of his *Prophetical Warnings* ; but People thinking it *unfair*, when he came as far as the 15th of *August*, to leave out that of the 17th of *August* ; that he was forced to fob it in after the Book was printed, in three Leaves, like an Epistle before the Book itself ; wherein the Scribes tell us, *That the Warning of the 17th of August was spoken, upon occasion of Betty Gray (one of the Inspired)*

pired) being set up for a Sign, and for a Tryal of the Faith of the Persons present, in the Operation of a Miracle upon her, which some Persons present would not own so to be. And put Mr. Lacy's Spirit to the trouble of Apologizing for it, in these Words; *Be it known to you my Servant, E. Gray, did not counterfeit.* Which was wisely said of him, by way of Prevention, because she had as great a Share in the *Imposture*, as himself. But to put an end to this Dispute, I shall present you with a true and faithful Narrative of the whole Matter, from Mr. C---t, one of the People called *Quakers*, which was in my Hands ever since the 26th of *August*, long before it was surreptitiously printed in a Penny Paper.

A true and faithful Narrative of the Sayings and Actions of Elizabeth Gray, at Esquire Lacy's Congregation, held on Sunday the 17th of August, 1707.

‘ I T may not be unnecessary, before I enter into
 ‘ Particulars, to premise, that these are a sort of
 ‘ People that profess to Worship God, in the Inspira-
 ‘ tion of the Spirit, and that it's God's Voice, and not
 ‘ theirs that is heard to proceed from them; and
 ‘ what is here said by this Woman in the ensuing
 ‘ Discourse, is (as they say) the Voice of God, which
 ‘ being told, I shall proceed.

‘ That my self and two more, being desirous to see
 ‘ and hear these People, we went in order to it on the
 ‘ 17th Instant *August*, to the place where they were as-
 ‘ sembled. When we came into the Room, we saw
 ‘ a Woman under a sort of Extatick (or rather Raving)
 ‘ Fits, having a violent Emotion and Agitation of her
 ‘ Head, Hands and Body, making at the same time an
 ‘ Inward Noise in her Throat, not like Words, but a
 ‘ kind of inarticulate Sound.

‘ After some small time she rose up (being before set
 ‘ in a Chair) and walked about the Room, still conti-
 ‘ nuing the Noise in her Throat, and when she had
 ‘ walked round the Room, she placed or seated every
 ‘ Person

Person in order all round, then she seated her self again, and renew'd the same violent Motion of her Body ; and continuing so a while, began to speak in short Sentences, and after this manner ;

' This Girl, mind this Girl, look upon her, observe her, view her well (then she rose up that all might see her) upon her this Day will I work a Miracle, by the Hand of my Servant whom I have blessed, and given him the Power of Healing and Curing (whom we were afterwards told was Esquire Lacy) perhaps you will not believe it, except you see it ; but I will do it to make you believe it, and for the strengthening the Faith of my Children.

I think these were the very Words ; but I am sure they were of the same Importance, with some other Speeches tending to the same Purpose, which I don't perfectly remember.

Then we were inform'd by Esquire Lacy, Sir Richard Bulkeley, and others of their Society, that were present ; *that God by his Spirit of Inspiration had revealed to her, that there would arise in her Neck and Throat a hard Excrescence of Flesh, or rather of a bony Substance, that would so obstruct the Passage of her Breath, that it would cause her Neck to swell mightily, and even almost choak her ; nay, some said positively she would be choaked.*

Then they desired every Person in the Room to tell their Names, which Sir Richard Bulkely and another Person committed to Paper. Three Persons only refused to tell their Names, unless they knew what use was to be made of them ; for if it was to be Witnesses of their Miracle, they thought there were enough already without them : However, 'twould be time enough to give their Names, when they had seen the Miracle perform'd.

Whereupon Sir Richard Bulkeley said, *they design'd no harm ; but to manifest the Power and Glory of God by a Miracle, upon which one of the three gave in his Name, and the Name of one of the Refusers, but*

' would not tell his own Name. The Woman who
 ' was all this time very quiet, except making the small
 ' Noise in her Throat, fell again into a Fit or Inspira-
 ' tion, saying, *There is one that has not set down his*
 ' *Name, but if he don't, he shan't see it;* upon which
 ' Sir Richard Bulkeley said, *Young Man, there is a Possi-*
 ' *bility with God to strike you blind, and you don't know*
 ' *but he may take away your Sight;* whereupon he told
 ' his Name. Every bodies Name being down, inclu-
 ' ding the very Infants in Arms, upon the aforesaid
 ' Woman's saying to another Woman, *tell your Child's*
 ' *Name, for he is mine.*

' When this was over, Betty Greyrose and prostituted her
 ' Neck and Breast, to be felt by all that were present,
 ' some of their Community asking at the same, *is*
 ' *she not well,* and in as good Plight as other People?
 ' To which the Assembly answering, they thought she
 ' was; Sir Richard Bulkeley said, *Aye, but you'll see her*
 ' *otherwise by and by.* The Woman continuing still in
 ' her Inspiration, said, *send for any learned Man, Phy-*
 ' *sician, skilful Man, or Man of Art, and see if he can*
 ' *cure me.*

' Esquire Lacy said, *Gentlefolks, if you are not satisfied*
 ' *your selves, send for any Physician of your Acquaintance;*
 ' but no body answering, the Woman said, *I command*
 ' *you to send for the Doctor that I have blessed.* Enquiry
 ' being made among themselves, where he was to be
 ' found: The Woman said again, *Send for him imme-*
 ' *diately:* Whereupon a Messenger was dispatch'd to
 ' fetch him, but 'twas two Hours before he came.

' During this Interval, the Woman remained quiet,
 ' excepting the small Noise in her Throat. At the
 ' same time a French Man and Woman fell into the same
 ' Motions and Agitations with the former, and by In-
 ' spiration utter'd some abrupt Sentences, that I don't
 ' remember, being very intent upon the Woman, on
 ' whom the Miracle was to be wrought.

' The Men spent their Time among themselves, with
 ' Arguments and Reasons about the Probability of such

Inspirations; for no body had yet offer'd any Disc-
 ' pure, but patiently waited for the result of the Mi-
 ' racle, being big with Expectation of what it would
 ' prove.

' At last came a Person they call'd Dr. Byfield, who
 ' said, *having been sent for by Inspiration, the same Spi-*
 ' *rit bid him come, and in Obedience to that Command,*
 ' *he made no delay, but came away immediately a Mile*
 ' *and a half through the Rain.* He was desired by Esq;
 ' Lacy and others, to give his Opinion about the State
 ' of her Health, whether she was well or not? And
 ' feel her Neck and Parts thereabouts, and give his
 ' judgment, which he did, by saying, *she was as well*
 ' *as ever she was in her Life.*

' Down she sat again, and they enter'd into Discourse
 ' one among another, which I did not much mind;
 ' being rather willing to observe the *Woman* narrowly;
 ' whom I now perceived to be in a more extraordinary
 ' *Fit*, than I had yet seen her in. A quarter of an
 ' Hour or better she was very violent in beating her
 ' Hands together, getting up out of the Chair, and sit-
 ' ting down, then falling with her Knees hard on the
 ' Floor, and striking her Hands hard against the *Cushion*
 ' of the Chair, and some few times against the Chair
 ' Frame, but not with such Violence or Force, and
 ' with open Hand, whereas before and after she struck
 ' upon the *Cushion* with her Fists or Hands clinched.

' I also observed that she held her *Chin* very hard a-
 ' gainst her Neck and *Bosom*, and as near as I could
 ' discern, forcibly stop'd her Breath, unless it was now
 ' and then, when she gently breath'd for Respiration.
 ' This caused her to look *bloated* and *black* in the Face.
 ' Then she crawled on her Knees round the Room,
 ' and went and laid her Head in Esq; Lacy's Lap. He de-
 ' sired the People to come and feel her Neck now, and
 ' see whether she was not much altered and very bad,
 ' which they did, and some said she was much al-
 ' tered in her Looks, but they could feel no hard or
 ' bony Substance in her Neck, only thought it some-
 ' thing

‘ thing swell’d: To which Esquire *Lacy* and others reply’d, *that it was not so yet, but would in a little time, for she sensibly grew worse and worse.*

‘ So he said, he would go to Prayer, and seek God, to know when he would be pleas’d to appoint him the time, in which he would endue him with the Blessing of healing or curing, that he might help this poor Woman in her Extremity; for he thought her in great Danger, and that it was not morally possible she could live half an Hour longer. Upon which he withdrew.

‘ Now I remark’d, that though she outrageously beat the Cushion, before she put her Head into Esq; *Lacy’s* Lap, yet while it lay there, which might be half an Hour, she was as quiet as a Lamb, not offering to strike or injure him in the least; but was no sooner return’d to the Chair, but she paid off the Cushion again, so vehemently, that she made the Dust fly out of it all about one side of the Room where she lay. After she had thus disciplin’d the Cushion a little while, she lay very quietly with her Face and Hands close to the Cushion.

‘ During Mr. *Lacy’s* Absence, several Persons went to her as she lay, and felt her Neck, which was a little hard and swollen, but no bony Substance yet to be perceiv’d. Then one of the Society took her out of the Chair, and held her up in his Arms, and shew’d her Face to the People, which did indeed look something strange and frightful, occasion’d by her Head-clothes being off, and her Hair about her Face; and her looking so black in the Face, was occasion’d by means of her Chin being held so hard against her Bosom as aforesaid. She lay all this while, as to her self without Motion: So the People having all view’d her, she was laid down as before in the Chair.

‘ Then Sir *Richard Bulkeley* said, *she must needs be very bad, and near Death*, upon which several of their Society felt her Pulse, but mightily disagreed in their Opinions thereof. Some said ’twas violently high, others said ’twas very low, and one said it did not
be at

beat at all, and therefore concluded she was dead ;
Whereupon some laid their Faces near hers, and said
she breath'd very free and easie.

Dr. Byfield was desired by another Person, who
thought the Woman very dangerous, to use some of
his Art or Skill as a *Physician*, to endeavour her Recovery ; To which he answered, *That he was come
thither to sequester himself from the World, and therefore
would not use any worldly Means ; Indeed he was
very sorry for the Woman, and wish'd that God had given
him the Blessing of Healing, and then he would immediately
endeavour to relieve her ; but as he had it not,
he must leave it to him whom God had thus endued.*
However, he condescended to feel her Pulse, and gave
his Opinion to the Auditory in *Latin* ; upon which
Sir Richard Bulkeley said, *good Doctor speak English,*
for perhaps all the Persons in the Room don't understand *Latin* ; which he did, and said her Pulse beat
very low and irregular. A *Frenchman* at the Table
ask'd if they were not *intermitting* ? He answered
yes, they did sometimes beat very quick, and sometimes
so slow that they hardly moved at all ; from
whence he concluded her Condition to be very desperate.

All this while their Miracle seem'd to go on currently,
no body as yet having said any thing to contradict it ;
but Esquire *Lacy* being somewhat long in his Devotions,
an Hour or more, another Man takes her up a second time,
and shew'd her to the People. She now look'd blacker
in the Face, and her Neck seem'd more swell'd, than before.
The People were desired once more to feel if her Neck
was not very hard now, which they did, and said, they
thought it might be something harder, but they could not
perceive any Bone.

Upon which, a genteel Man, Mr. *John Davis*, being
a little more curious and inquisitive than the rest,
forcibly lifted her *Chin* from her Bosom, which was
no sooner done, but her Neck felt as soft and as well
as ever it was ; but immediately, upon his letting her
go,

go, and she putting her Chin again into the same Place, her Neck returned to be as hard as ever.

Now all that were present as Strangers, began to see plainly what they suspected before, that it was a palapable *Forgery* and *Imposture*, and the aforesaid *John Davis* made it visibly appear to the Eyes and Understandings of all those that were not of their Party and in their Interest, that it was a manifest Cheat, and that the Woman caus'd all that had been shew'd, her self.

Seeing themselves thus disappointed in their working Miracles, they began to argue, how they thought it possible she should do so, and for what cause she should torment her self; for doubtless she was in great Pain and Agony: and ask'd us, if we thought any of us could do the like? To which was reply'd, that we did also believe she was in some Pain; but not knowing what might be her Motives to do it, and presuming we had not the same Inducements, we thought our selves under no Obligation to try the Experiment; and if we could not do it, it was no Argument that she should not do it neither; *but by a superior Power*; for daily Experience shews us, that some are more apt and expert in writhing and putting their Bodies into strange Postures than others, of which we were satisfied this Woman was one, and therefore more fit for this Purpose.

While they were thus arguing on both sides *pro* and *con*, the Woman, who doubtless heard the greatest part of what was said, rose from her knees and placed her self in the Chair; then putting her hand to her Neck, she came to her right shape, resuming her former Colour and Health, and then fell into another Inspiration Fit, attended with the usual Motions of her Body, and began after the former manner to declare as follows:

What! they think it's a Cheat, do they? but I will make them know it is no Imposture. At which the aforesaid *John Davis* said, I question it: to which she reply'd,

ply'd, *Oh do you so ? will you swear it Gentleman ?* He reply'd, there's no occasion for that ; but if there was, he could safely do it. Then she denounced *Curses* against him, and soon subjoin'd, *But I am a merciful God, and do not punish according to Deserts.*

Upon his continuing to say something to her, she answered him in a gentle Christian like manner ; but really so scurrilously, that it seem'd like *Billingsgate* Rallery, and yet all the while pretended to be under *Inspiration.*

Then more Company coming in, she was pretty quiet ; and upon our disputing with them, and informing those that came in last of the state of the matter, one of them said, *Gentlemen, this appears to me to be the Case in Controversie, They say you promised them a Miracle ; now the Question is, Whether there has been any Miracle or not ?*

They were much divided and at a *Non-plus* in answering this Question ; therefore to colour the matter, one said positively *There had been a Miracle, and that he would swear it ; and so said Sir Richard Bulkeley, adding, That he hop'd they were as tender of their Consciences as any of us.* Two Men insisted upon her being very heavy when they took her up in their Arms. But Esq; *Lacy* said, *If for Causes unknown to them it was not done to day, yet that was no Argument but it might be done another time.* Which Words naturally imply that there was no Miracle done now, tho there might another time, which made Sir *Richard* forget what he offer'd to swear to before, and incline to be of Esquire *Lacy's* Sentiments. At last one started up, that reconciled their different Judgments, and made them all centre in one Mind ; 'twas Dr. *Byfield*, who spoke to this Effect ;

Altho in the morning God might intend to work a Miracle by the hand of his Servant, for the strengthening the Faith of his Children, and the convincing others of his Power and Glory ; yet there coming in a mixt Multitude, a medly sort of People, with obdurate Hearts set against it,
and

‘ *and Spirits prepossess’d, and resolved not to believe ; God might withdraw his Spirit for a time, because of the Unbelief and want of Faith in these People ; with some other Words to the same effect. To this they all agreed, and Sir Richard Bulkeley enforced it with Scripture, saying, Our Saviour could not do mighty Works in his own Country, because of the Unbelief of the People.*

‘ *To this it was answered, That when the Woman spoke, she said positively, This day I will work a Miracle ; and it cant be put off till another day, unless you make God the Author of a Lie ; for you say ’twas not hers, but the Voice of God that spoke in her To this they could make no solid Answer, but endeavoured to evade it ; especially Dr. Byfield, by impertinent running upon other Subjects ; bantering one of his Acquaintance, and comparing us to the Mobb that insulted them at Barbican, tho we were very civil, and argu’d but by their Leave and Permission.*

‘ *Esquire Lacy, to divert this Discourse, said, That he always used to have one, sometimes two or three Inspirations in a day, and since he was inspired had had 130 (it seems he kept a very exact Account of them) but could not imagine or assign a Reason why he had none now. Whereupon one query’d with him, whether his boasting so much of his Inspirations, might not be the reason of the Spirit’s withdrawing from him at that time ? He said he had not boasted ; but immediately did so by saying, I dont know that Gentleman, but I believe I have suffered more for my Religion than ever he did ; and the Dispute going on farther, Dr. Byfields Wife said, You had better all be silent and quiet ; to which they agreed, and were so, till Esquire Lacy broke it by being under Inspiration.*

‘ *His Discourse was chiefly to vindicate the Woman in her Imposture, and denouncing Woes and Judgments on all those that did (as he term’d it) obstinately, audaciously, or pertinaciously oppose it.*

When

When he had done, the aforesaid Woman (*Betty Grey*) fell into one of her *Ravning Fits*, calling for the Master and Mistress of the House, who being come into the Room, she began with the Mistrels, and among many other *blasphemous* Expressions, I perfectly remember these that follow ;

My Child, I forgive thee thy Sins, I blot them out, I'll remember them no more ; I have writ thy Name in my Book ; I'll make thy Soul as white as Milk ; there shall remain no Blot or Blemish in it.

Here it may not be unpleasant to observe, that the Woman to whom she gave the Benediction had scarce Faith enough to believe her ; for at her going away, she said, *If my Arm grows well now, I'll say something to you.* It seems she was troubled with a *Rheumatism*. Then the Master was called in, to whom she also began her Discourse ; but I had not patience to stay any longer, being quite tired out.

Thus, Neighbour, according to thy Request and Desire, I have given thee an Impartial Relation of what I was both an Eye and Ear Witness of, relating nothing but Matter of *Fact* : Neither do I think I have omitted any material thing that pass'd while I was there, which was full eight Hours ; hoping it may give thee Satisfaction, not doubting but it will correspond with what thee also knowest of this matter.

Vale.

Sir Richard Bulkeley, out of pure Zeal, no doubt, to his Brother Lacy and Sister Betty Grey has thought fit to say, in their Vindication, as follows ; * *As to the second Miracle, viz. that of Suffocation or Strangling, there is not so much room for Suspicion as in the former case of Blindness ; because almost all the Symptoms were manifest to the Eye, and there was no need to take any thing upon the credit of the Person that was the Subject of it.* Which, by his Worship's Favour, is granting both the pretended Mira-

* *Prophet, Warn. l. 2. p. 195, 196.*

cles were Cheats, for they wholly depend upon the Credit of the Person, who is here manifestly discovered to be an egregious incorrigible Impostor by Mr. C-----let's above-recited ingenious Letter, to which I refer Sir Richard, as unanswerable and undeniable Matters of Fact. To which I shall only add two things, of many more that might be urged; *First*, That Mr. Lacy's delaying so much time, before his Operation was to be staged, was only to stay for more Spectators of the Miracle, and so unluckily gave Mr. Davis an opportunity to work the Miracle in his Absence, and also the----- that ow'd him a Shame, to pay it. *Secondly*, It was unfortunate and unadvised, since so many of the Clan have the Gift of Healing, that Mr. Byfield should say he had it not; for as a Physician it may injure him in his Practice; but I am apt to think that the Spirit that bid him come to that Meeting was not in earnest, or not his Friend, in playing at Crois-purposes with him, and denying the Gift of Healing and Curing to the only Person that wanted it; but it may be the Spirit knew that he had none of his *Sal Volatile Oleosum* about him, and then 'twas to no purpose to employ him in the Cure.

I had almost forgot to acquaint you with a very considerable Transaction that also happen'd at the aforementioned Meeting, that lasted well near Ten Hours from first to last, for which I ask your Pardon. 'Twas this. Betty Grey, notwithstanding her being thus exposed and called hard Names, did not forget to shew a Mark of her Favour, to her dear Sister PuddingPye Moll; for seeing her in this Meeting, she called her to her, who falling on her Knees; Betty Grey stretching out Moll's right Arm, said, *My Child I bless thee, and take this Arm into my Protection. With this Arm thou shalt work many Miracles before six Weeks are ended. &c.* But now if these six Weeks, like the Burning of London, and all the rest of their Predictions, must be interpreted also by Mr. Facio's Prophetical Days, it will be just Forty two Years before Moll begins her Miracles.

* ' At the beginning of *September* there was a Meeting at Mr. *Cuff's* House in *Baldwyn's-Gardens*. Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, Mr. *Lacy*, Mr. *Facio*, Mr. *Cavalier*, Mr. *Marion*, *Betty Grey*, and a Room full of others being present, where *Cavalier*, under great Agitations personated Antichrist. Then *Marion* also falling into Extasy, they entertained one another for some time in a Dialogue, and that being ended, *Marion* fell upon *Cavalier*, pulled him down, walked and trampled upon his Body and Arms, stood upon and sat upon him. Then pulling out his Knife, made a show by applying it to his Throat, as if he would have cut off his Head, then did the same to his Legs and Arms, upon which the Agitation ceased on both sides.

' The next Day *Cavalier* acted the same part over again, and *Fage* treated him in the same manner that *Marion* had done, except drawing his Knife. Then Mr. *Lacy* falling into Agitations, stamp'd upon him, raised him up by both his Legs, so that the weight of his Body rested on the hinder part of his Head; then let him fall suddenly upon the Floor, and after that Mr. *Lacy* and Mr. *Fage* taking him up by the Shoulders and Legs, carried him to the top of the Stairs, and flung him down as if he had been a dead Dog. *Cavalier* lying at the bottom of the Stairs, said, *Ou sont mes Allies qu'ils viennent a me Secours ? Where are my Allies, let them come and assist me ?* Then crawling upon his Hand and Knees to the top of the Stairs, lying at the entrance of the Room, he said, *Je ne suis pas mort encore. I am not dead yet.* Upon which *Betty Grey*, under Agitations, kick'd him with her Feet, and threw him down Stairs again headlong to the bottom, at which all their Inspirations ceased. All these Rencounters are attested by me, who am ready to make Oath of them when required.

B. W.

* Sept. 8. 1707.

This

This Letter was sent to me by a very honest, modest Gentleman, whose Curiosity led him several times to their Meetings, and says by all that ever he could observe among them, they are rather Fools or Madmen than Prophets. I shall say nothing further to these Extravagancies, but only appeal to Mr. *Lacy* in his lucid Intervals, and to all the sober part of Mankind, to judge how it's possible to believe that these *Ludicrous Freaks*, can be any part of the Worship of the true and living God,

And yet Sir *Richard Bulkeley* is so fond of being the Head of a *new Sect*, that if any ask the Reason of those Proceedings, he thinks it a sufficient Answer to say, '† that it is for the Confirmation of those that are present at the transacting them, whom it was the good Pleasure of the Almighty, to chuse out for the Exercise of such Service, as he should think fit to employ them in. For as to obstinate Unbelievers, even Miracles are of no use.

To which I shall make no other Reply, than by asking him whether *Betty Grey's* Cheat confirmed the Faith of any of the Spectators, since it put all that Party to such poor mean Shifts to colour it, for they durst not defend it, and all the rest of that numerous Assembly abhor'd it; nay, some that had a good Opinion of the pretended *Prophets* before, have turned their Backs upon them ever since, and will not hear a word in their Favour, because they look upon them as incorrigible Criminals. I would further ask Sir *Richard*, whether their Frantick Representations of *Antichrist*, and their subduing him so many times, and in such a rude and barbarous manner, is not fitter to be acted on a Stage, among the *Roman Gladiators*, than in an Assembly of *Reform'd* Christians? Must we turn Infidels to be thought Believers? Must we Apostatize from the Truth once for all delivered to the Saints, to become Mr. *Marion's* Profelytes, and disbelieve *Moses* and the *Prophets*, the

Evangelists and Apostles, for the sake of a few blind Leaders of the Band? Or others whose Learning has made them mad, or the want of it ridiculous: No, it is too late at this time of Day, for Sir Richard, to lay *Snares in the Sight of the Birds*, or make us bow the Knee to Baal, while our Eyes and our Bibles are open. He is pleased to say further, *that all that know him will believe him*, of which number I shall readily be one, when he can prove that he believes himself, and is not under the Power of a sad and unaccountable Delusion, in thinking their counterfeit *Miracles*, and brutish Representations of *Antichrist*, are *Services that God employs them in*, for so he is pleased to word his Apology for them.

† The Author being much importun'd by some of his particular Friends, to give himself the Satisfaction of seeing and hearing these pretended Prophets in one of their solemn Meetings, and being advised that they designed to hold one at the House of Mrs. East a Quaker, over against the Black Horse in Crutchet-Fryars, London; and that Sir Richard Bulkeley, Mr. Lacy, and Mr. Facio, whom I chiefly desired to see and hear, would attend the Meeting; I went to the House about Nine a Clock in the Morning, in hopes to get Admittance; but a young Woman belonging to the House told me, there would be no Meeting of those that were called Prophets that Day, Troubled at my long Journey and Disappointment, I told the young Woman that possibly they might meet in the Afternoon, and that I would stay at a Friend's House three Doors off, desiring her to favour me with notice if they met, which she answered, *Thee may'st do as thee pleassest about staying, but I do assure thee there will be no Meeting here this day*, but said nothing of giving me notice if there was. The young Woman spoke what she had reason to believe, for they had given no notice of their intention to meet, by which reason many, as I was told, were disappointed as well as my

† October 5, 1707.

H

self.

self. However after Dinner about two a clock, some of them came and more were expected. Upon which the young Woman very kindly gave me notice, and I was admitted into a large Parlour with Benches or Forms round it, a Table near the Window, and about twenty Persons in the room. I took a void Seat on a Bench. A Gentleman well dress'd was reading a Book at the Table, and others were standing round it.

I ask'd the Person who sat next me, if Sir *Rich. Bulkeley*, or Mr. *Lacy*, or Mr. *Facio* were in the room; he answered *Je ne parle pas Anglois*. I asked him the same Question in *French*, he told me *No*, and further said that several persons having been disappointed in the Morning he believ'd some of them might inform them and prevent their Coming. The Gentleman that read at the Table said to the same purpose at the Table and went away, but would not let me see his Face. I believe he knew me.

In this time I observed four young Men and two Women alternately Gulping, Grunting hideously, and nodding their Heads as low as their Breasts, which turning the hinder part of their Perukes over their Faces, made them look frightfully. When the last had done, the first began again in his turn. I went to him, felt his Pulse, and his Waistcoat being unbutton'd, as all those that acted were, I apply'd my hand to his Heart; but could find no Disorder in his Pulse or Breast, but a violent Heaving in his Midriff and the Bottom of his Stomach, to cause the Gulping and loud Hiccuping: And so I attended all the Men-Actors round the Room, as their Fits successively came upon them; which they very quietly suffered me to do; but all the rest were in Cabals, and whispering in corners among themselves upon my doing it. At this time came in three *English* Gentlemen of very Genteel Appearance, who stood in the midst of the room. None of the Men in Agitations spoke at all.

I took my place as before, and hearing one of the four in more noisie Agitations than formerly, I seated myself

self in a Chair that stood in the midst of the room, to observe what he would be at, but it differ'd in nothing from his former Fit, but only in a rougher Noise in his Throat and pointing out his Right hand and Fore-finger, the rest being clinch'd. He had no sooner done, than the Person I sat next to on the Bench, who had been quiet all the time before, fell into violent Agitations from Head to Foot, more noisie than all the other four, but kept his Seat. I felt his Pulse and Breast as the rest, but could find no kind of Alteration, or that the Vitals were more concerned than they are in common Actions. He started up in a strange and unintelligible *Vociferation* in this manner, *Taugh--Daugh--Faugh--Raugh-Raugh--Faugh--Daugh-Taugh*, and sometimes intermixing them with very bad *French*, reflecting upon such as came thither out of Curiosity, whom he said God would suddenly destroy, and then sat down.

I asked him his Name, and if he was in Health, and in his Right Mind? He answer'd, *His Name was Cavalier, that he was in Health, and never better in all his Life*. I reply'd then you must needs be under some sort of Delusion. He said, *How will you prove it?* I told him I was ready to attempt it, if he would give me leave; and as I was beginning to say something to that purpose, he fell immediately into violent Agitations, insomuch that standing very near him when we spake together, I was forc'd to start back, lest he should strike me in the Face with his Head. In this Inspiration he began as before, just like a Dumb Man, with *Taugh--Daugh, &c.* And then repeated *verbatim* what we had privately discoursed, and after denouncing some heavy Judgments upon me, ended with the same inarticulate Sounds he began with. When among other things, he said *I was rich in this Worlds Goods, but God would plague me till I was poor in Spirit*. Having some reasons to know he was a false Prophet in that, I could not forbear smiling; upon which an *English* Woman came and whisper'd in my Ear, saying *Do not mock, God will strike thee Dumb*.

The three *English* Gentlemen I mention'd before, came to me, and ask'd whether Mr. *Cavalier* spoke *French*, and what he said. I told him some of it was *Gibberish*, some bad *French*, and spoken so Thick and Passionately, that I could not understand him but by *Snatches*. Another *Gentleman* said, I understand and speak *French*; but not one Word of what this Man has said all this time. Then the three First shook their Heads and went away.

Cavalier being silent, I rejoind'd: Possibly some of Mr. *Cavalier's* Country-men may be present, I would desire them if they could, to tell me what he meant by his *Tough, Daugh*, &c. whereupon, several in the Room cried out with bitter Accents, *stay till he has done, stay till he has done*; for it seems he was still under Inspiration, which I knew not; and observing that a Gentleman at the Table said the same in *English*, but much more civilly; I address'd my self to him, saying, I had no intent to disturb their Meeting, nor speak without their Permission, and therefore crav'd their Pardons for committing an Offence ignorantly; but if they pleas'd, I would exchange a few Words with Mr. *Cavalier* when he had done. *Cavalier* spoke again, much to the same Purpose as before, and then prayed. I understood no difference between his preaching and praying, but by his kneeling down. But as soon as he had done, to prevent my discouraging him, he went away; at which I expressing some Concern, the Gentleman at the Table, whose Name as he told me, is *Stephens*; asked, *what I would have said to him, for he could answer no Questions, but as directed by the Spirit in Inspirations*. I said, I could not believe that what he said, proceeded from any other Spirit but his own, because he spoke *Nonsense*, and abominable *Absurdities*, which I would have charg'd him with, if he had staid. Mr. *Stephens* said, *the Spirit would speak what and how he pleased? Sometimes like a Child, and sometimes like other Creatures*, which he would not stay for an Answer to, but press'd me to tell him, what Exceptions I had against the Practice of these Prophets.

I told him the Design of my coming thither, was, in Expectation of finding Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, Mr. *Lacy*, and Mr. *Facio* there, and with Permission to have asked them, what Commission they had to speak and act as they did; and should have charg'd them, particularly Mr. *Lacy* with speaking *Blasphemy*; imposing *Lies* and *Cheats* upon People, in
the

the Name of the Holy Spirit ; abusing his own Son, for denying to submit to what they call a Blessing, and for acting like a Madman in their manner of subduing *Antichrist, &c.* Mr. *Stephens* rejoined, that their Commission prov'd it self ; for no Body could do what they did, but Men inspired. I denied it, saying, 'twould be no hard matter to procure some from *Bartholomew Fair*, that would do the like. Upon which, a bold *English* Woman interpos'd, saying, I'll hold you a *Guinea* of it. I told her I expected *Arguments*, and was not to be convinc'd by Impertinences and laying Wagers. Whereupon I proceeded to give Reasons, why these People could not be thought to be God's Prophets ; but was interrupted by a Woman in the Garb of a *Quaker*, and I presume was a Lodger in the House, who desired me, since neither Sir *Richard Bulkeley*, Mr. *Lacy*, nor Mr. *Facio* were there, who were able to dispute with me, that I would be silent, and meet them at some other Time and Place. At the same instant, a very angry *French* Woman said, that the Devil having taken Advantage to send one among them to reader them odious, in the absence of their chief Brethren, she was commanded by the Spirit to break up the Meeting ; which was immediately obeyed by the Society, and all left the Room. In the Street, several *English* People gave me thanks for what I had said, and took their leaves of me very courteously. The greatest part of the Assembly were *French*, and I thought by their Dress, that the *English* were *Quakers*. And now in short, my Opinion of them is, that they are a designing sort of Counterfeits, and that I have no Reason to repent of any one Word that I employ'd in exposing them in this Book, a great part of which was wrote before I went to the Meeting ; for I am satisfied, let them say what they will to the contrary, that the *Jesuit* is at the bottom of it, and I am much mistaken, if I did not see one of that Order among them.

Now since I have said, that at best, they are a *Clan* of *Enthusiastick Impostors*, and *Opiniatres* ; give me leave among many others, that I have by me, to give you one undeniable Instance of it. To that end the Reader will please to know, that Sir *Richard Bulkeley* has the Misfortune to be of the shortest Size, in respect of his Bodily Stature, and is very Crooked ; and I was told very seriously, by a Gentleman that abhors to jest with the Honours and Reputations of Men of Quality, but rather spoke it out of Pity to him, under

der so strange an Infatuation or Delusion. That a Friend of Sir Richard's observing, that since he associated with these pretended Prophets and their Abettors, he wore very mean Cloths; ask'd him why he did not buy him new ones; Sir Richard told him, *that the Spirit had declared he should be made strait, and that he would stay till the Spirit had fulfilled his Promise, for to buy new ones now, would be Money thrown away to no Purpose, because they would not fit him when he was strait.*

I confess, this Relation did not a little surprize me, and therefore resolv'd before I wou'd publish it, to have better Authority for doing it, than a current verbal Discourse to justify my Self. To that end I wrote to the Gentleman from whom I had the Story, to advise further about it, and write his Opinion to me accordingly at his first Opportunity; which he did in a Letter, dated *October 7. 1707.* in these Words.

S I R,

I AM sorry you should raise Doubts about the Certainty of a Matter that I communicated to you, that I know was to be printed. I thought you had known me better. However, I have taken the Course you directed, and now return you answer, that 'tis a *certain Truth*, and can be proved beyond *Contradiction*; with this further Addition, that Sir Richard did not only refuse to buy himself *New Cloths* till he was made *strait*; but has also forbid the building a *College* in *Ireland* for teaching the *Liberal Sciences*, and on which he has laid out a *Thousand Pounds* already, and designed to endow it with *Seven Hundred Pounds per Annum* to perpetuity; for now he knows better things, and that Learning is to be had at a cheaper rate, without *Human Means*, as they love to express themselves. Sir Richard said this to a Person who told me of it, not to ridicule his Worship; but as an instance of his having devoted himself entirely to the Conduct of the Spirit.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, E. N.

I have also said that they are *Opiniatres*, Persons that have a Pharisaical Conceit of themselves, and despise all others, which I have already suggested, in saying Mr. Lacy thought himself qualified for the highest Post in the Kingdom; for the Gentleman above-named, speaking of their

Pride

Pride and Vanity, says, he was told by one of their *Privado's*, that makes no inconsiderable Figure among them, *That they were directed by the Spirit to address the Queens Majesty to take some of them into her Privy Council.* I think, says the Gentleman, these are his Words, viz. *That they had an Inspiration to address her Majesty to be taken into her Privy Council, for the better Success of her Affairs both at home and abroad.* And after this, who can imagine a Folly or Vanity that they are not liable to be guilty of.

Nor are they less prone to Revenge; for believing that Dr. K——t, and J. C. Esq; were their Enemies, who in truth rather pity them, than any way endeavour to reproach or injure them; they denounced very sad Judgments against them, and Sir Richard Bulkeley was so evidently assured of their happening, that he seemed to deplore their Condition and said, *He would not be in either of the Gentlemens Coats to be Pr. G. of D.*

They are as expert in the Art of *Shifting, Doubling* and *Equivocating* as any Society of *Jesuits* in *Christendom*. Ask them to prove the Divinity of their Mission, and they either say It proves it self, or else, that no body can do what they do, without Inspiration of the Spirit; and yet our own Histories shew them out done, by the Holy Maid of *Kent*, the Man that preached in his Sleep at *Oxford*, and was detected by K. James I. by *Hacket* the Blasphemer, and the Boy of *Bilston*. If you are yet unsatisfy'd, they say their Mission is proved by the Number of Profelytes they have gained in twelve Months time, they being now 300. and yet Mr. Mason, the distracted *Buckinghamshire* Parson, had more Followers in so many Days than they have been Months in *England*. Ask them why they work their Miracles in private, and they will tell you, *because they have no Authority from the Spirit to perform them publickly.* Ask them why they speak Nonsense, sing, dance, whistle, and shew immodest Actions, while they pretend to be worshipping God, and they answer, *that the Spirit commands them to do so.* And indeed this is their general Answer to all Objections, so that their commencing false Prophets, as a Judgment, has deprived them of their Rationality, put them upon catching at Shadows, that is, at Vain-glory, and the Administration of others, and vending their own Imaginations in Opposition to the Divine Oracles, which all Men ought to follow with a ready and chearful Obedience.

To Morrow, October 23. will be
Publish'd,

A Letter from a Minister at Turin, to a General Officer : Relating to the Expedition into Provence, and Siege of Toulon. Also the Motives that engag'd his Royal Highness and Prince Eugene, in that stupendous Undertaking, the Reason of its Miscarriages, and the unavoidable Necessity the Confederates lie under of Numerous Reinforcements against the next Campaign, in order to penetrate into the Bowels of France. With Private Memoirs, Speeches, &c. of his Royal Highness, Prince Eugene, and the other General-Officers in both Armies. Being an Exact Journal of the whole Proceedings while that Great Design was carrying on ; and an Impartial Account of the Advantages and Disadvantages on both Sides. Done from a French Copy transmitted from the Hague. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers Hall, 1707.